The Enterprise.

VOL. 8. SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1903. NO. 10.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.

6:02 A. M. Daily.
7:36 A. M. Daily except Sunday.
9:36 A. M. Daily.
12:42 P. M. Daily.
4:53 P. M. Daily
5:54 P. M. Daily.
6:56 P. M. Daily.
9:11 P. M. Daily.

SOUTH.

12:20 A. M. Daily.
6:45 A. M. Daily.
7:33 A. M. Daily.
12:10 P. M. Daily.
2:33 P. M. Daily.
7:03 P. M. Daily.

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

The headway of the San Mateo cars between the Cemeteries and Thirtieth St. and San Jose Ave. is twelve minutes, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, when the headway is arranged to suit the travel.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M
From the North	6:45	12:10
" "	—	2:33
" South	—	12:48
" "	—	6:56

MAIL CLOSES.

	A. M.	P. M.
South	8:55	12:25
"	—	6:25
"	6:15	—

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
J. M. Granger.....Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
T. A. Bullock.....Redwood City
ASSESSOR
G. D. Hayward.....Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER
M. H. Thompson.....Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield.....Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tiltou.....Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

PRESENTIMENT THAT CAME TRUE

A Mother Returns Home to Find Her Child Dead.

Chicago.—Seized with a presentiment that harm would come to her two-year-old son, whom she had left at her home in care of Mrs. Bridget Carney, 60 years old, Mrs. John Dalton hurried back to her home to find smoke issuing from the doors and windows. She attempted to enter the house, but the doors were locked and she failed. Five minutes later the bodies of Mrs. Carney and the child were carried from the burning building by the police and firemen.

It is supposed that the fire was caused by matches in Mrs. Carney's clothing She was in the habit of smoking, the neighbors say, but desired to keep the fact a secret It is the theory of the firemen that she lighted her pipe and in some awy the matches in her pocket ingited. The body of the child was found lying near that of the woman, which was on a chair, and it is thought that she was holding the little one when she discovered that her dress was ablaze. It is believed that she was overcome before she could arise from her chair.

More Trouble in China Threatened.

Peking.—According to messages received here from the British Consul at Hankow, whose judgment is exceptionally trustworthy, the movements of Tung Fuh Siang give reason to expect trouble. Tung Fuh Siang is supposed to have 10,000 warriors under his command in Kansu province. He can easily dominate the provinces of Kansu and Shensi, as the local imperial forces are very inferior.

Activity Against Ladrones.

Manila.—Governor Taft's energetic expeditions looking to the suppression of ladronism have produced unusual activity in this direction. Numerous municipal presidents in the provinces of Cavite and Rizal are assisting the native constabulary in running down the bandits.

COAST NEWS GIVEN IN SHORT ITEMS

Occurrences of Interest from All Quarters of the Pacific Coast.

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF THE WEEK

Current Events Related in Newsy Dispatches From Many Correspondents in Various Parts of the West.

A. A. Champagne, a tailor of Anaheim, was taken to the State Insane Asylum from Santa Ana, violently insane. Champagne was caught on Saturday wandering about the La Habra hills with only a shirt to cover his nakedness, and has resisted all efforts to put clothes upon him, five men being required to dress him. He assaulted his jailer with a bed slat, and was only repulsed with the assistance of three men.

Captain John McKenna, keeper of Lime Point Lighthouse, fell from an embankment near his post of duty and was killed. McKenna started to walk from Sausalito to the lighthouse, about two miles distant. The pathway taken by McKenna leads along a cliff and is very narrow. In some manner which will never be shown McKenna missed his footing and fell about fitfeen feet, striking his head on the rocks, fracturing the skull.

A unique document was placed on file in the County Clerk's office at Salinas by Charley Fong Dong Yu, in which he swears that he is a native son of California, having first seen the light of day in the Pajaro valley thirty-two years ago. He also gives every one to understand that he is an American citizen, entitled to exercise the right reserved to American citizens at the polls. Attached to the affidavit is a photograph, which he alleges is a true likeness.

Every gambler in Juneau, Douglas and Skagway, Alaska, has been indicted by the Grand Jury in session at Juneau, and as a result not a card has been turned on either side of Gastineau channel for the past two weeks in a gambling game. Even the slot machines are in the back rooms turned to the walls. This is the first occurrence of this kind and the first cessation of gambling in the history of the Territory. The Grand Jury is still in session, and it is expected that every member of the so-called sporting world, male and female, in that part of Alaska, will be indicted.

H. J. Butterworth, an extensive cattle raiser of Antelope valley, brings information to San Bernardino that nearly sixty head of cattle have died on a range near Lancaster from potassium cyanide poisoning. It appears that the owners of the Hidden Treasure mine have permitted the poison to flow into a stream from which the cattle drink. Butterworth's herders notified him that the cattle were dying, and on visiting the range he found that a drove of thirty cattle which had just been driven to the range were dead. As he watched the herds, he saw other stock leaving the stream. They had gone but a few feet from the bank before they dropped dead. The water was then analyzed and found to contain the cyanide.

At Victoria, B. C., an application was made by the agent of the steamer Manauense, just sold to the Northwestern Commercial Company by Captain E. F. Caine of Seattle, to have a crew of twenty Chinese landed there from the Orient, to be transferred to the Manauense on her way north, has been refused by Collector of Customs A. R. Milne of that city, and the decision of the Collector of Customs has been upheld by the Dominion Minister of Justice. The application was made with a view of circumventing the laws of the United States regarding the importation of Chinese crews. In Seattle and San Francisco similar applications have been refused and the vessel's owners turned their attention to Canada in the hope that they could get around the law there.

Mrs. William McKeever, a colored woman of Redding, locked her two children in the house and went five blocks to the home of a friend to deliver some medicine. When she returned half an hour later her home was in flames. She unlocked the door, sprang into the house and seized her nine-month's-old baby girl and carried her outside. The frantic mother then tried to re-enter the house to get her three-year-old son, but the flames had gained such headway that she could not get in. The house was destroyed and the boy burned to a crisp. The little girl received injuries from which she died. Both children were buried in one grave. The parents, who are poor people, lost their all and are heartbroken. The cause of the fire is unknown, as Mrs. McKeever says she put out all fires before leaving her home.

The Warner ranch Indians have received a reply to their petition asking President Roosevelt to delay the removal of the tribe to Palu valley until he has personally inspected their present reservation and the lands chosen by the commission. President Roosevelt sends word that it will be impossible for him to comply, but assures the tribe that every assistance will be given them in removing from Agua Caliente, and becoming established wherever the Indian commission decides is a suitable location. This removes the last hope of the tribe that they may be allowed to remain at Agua Caliente. They are resigned to the removal verdict. It is learned that the removal will take place late in March, and that until the tribe can get crops ready for harvest, a double allowance is to be granted them from the Government stores.

Postmaster George B. Baer of Cloverdale, in the northern portion of Sonoma county, has invented a small canvas pouch for use in the distribution of mails along stage routes emanating from his office, which has proved eminently satisfactory. The Postal Department has taken hold of the matter and intends using them on the stage routes all over the country, and Baer is to receive a royalty on all that are manufactured by the Government. The device is simple—a pouch on the order of the large mail sacks, with two sets of fastenings. The mail of each person along the line in a separate sack, bearing the name, and thus the stage driver is relieved of the necessity of sorting the mail as he goes along. The sacks are hung on a hook placed for that purpose and returned to the Postoffice daily. Frequently parties send for stamps and money orders in these sacks.

BRADSTREET'S WEEKLY TRADE REVIEW

The Enormous Holiday Trade Trade Has Exceeded All Previous Records.

New York. — Bradstreet's says: Satisfaction with the old and confidence in the new year are the dominating features as 1902 draws to a close. The enormous holiday trade, exceeding in most respects all records, proved to be a fitting crown to a year of almost unprecedented business and industrial activity. Except in small sections of the South and Southwest, where crop and weather conditions had led to a modification of otherwise sanguine expectations, the volume of seasonable business is in most respects satisfactory. In the East, the West, the Northwest and on the Pacific Coast there is but one note and that of satisfaction with the results achieved during the past few weeks. Additional reports received of trade distribution for the year confirm those hitherto given of an enormous volume of business, modified, it is true, in some respects, by higher cost of materials and wages limiting profits. With the larger turnover, however, and the active demand in most lines, the profit side has not been entirely lost sight of and it is safe to say that equally satisfactory returns in years to come would prove acceptable. The holiday spirit has ruled in wholesale lines this week. Most of the salesmen are in from the road and except for reorders to repair depleted stocks, jobbers are quiet and stock-taking is the main interest.

The lumber trade situation, that for white pine and hardwood particularly, is satisfactory.

Railway building has been active this year—the heaviest, in fact, for fifteen years past—and showing a 12 per cent increase in mileage over a year ago.

Business failures for the week ending Thursday number 161, as against 225 last week.

Will Be Excommunicated.

Rome.—The Tribuna says the Pope has ordered the Archbishop of Manila to excommunicate all persons who endeavor to promote the creation of a national church in the Philippines.

CRIME AND INSANITY IS INCREASING

A Federal Expert Gives Startling Result of Research.

REPORT TO BE SENT TO CONGRESS

The Percentage is Largest in Those States Showing the Greatest Education and Intelligence.

Washington.—"It may be said, with few exceptions, that within the last thirty or forty years there has been an increase, relative to population, in crime, suicide, insanity and other forms of abnormality."

This is the startling statement with which Dr. Arthur Macdonald, specialist in the United States Bureau of Education, begins a report on this subject, made for the information of Congress. Dr. Macdonald makes no effort to exaggerate this increase. He declares that some of it may doubtless be accounted for in the more stringent methods of gathering data, but it is his opinion that these better methods of obtaining information will not by far account for the increase shown.

"It would seem," he continues, "that the increase is due to the rapid development of the world in general, rather than to any specific cause. Thus there has not only been a relative increase in social abnormalities, but in many other things, such as education, intelligence, wealth and in the comforts of living for the poor."

Dwelling further on this connection between increased crime and increased luxury, Dr. Macdonald says that statistics show that in our own country groups of States which show the greatest education and intelligence, as the North Atlantic, the North Central and the Western, also exceed in insanity, suicides, nervous diseases, juvenile criminals and almshouse paupers. It is not to be assumed, however, says Dr. Macdonald, that education and intelligence tend to increase social evils. It might be as justly argued that the consumption of sugar and the number of divorces granted in certain sections had a relation to each other. There is no doubt that all of these factors may be related in some way, but just how has not yet been definitely deciphered or enunciated by Dr. Macdonald.

In connection with the increase of crime, etc., he sets down the fact that there has been during the same forty-year period a constant condensation of population, as illustrated in the increase of the urban over the rural population. Another factor given as a possible cause is the fact that, while the consumption of wheat, coffee and other grains has increased per capita, the consumption of malt liquors and sugar has increased much more. This might be interpreted as a tendency toward less solid, less staple, or more artificial food, since the consumption of meat and potatoes has decreased.

TOWN LEFT MINUS CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Fire in Pittville Destroys the Only Store Which Kept Them.

Redding.—The merchandise store of A. A. Baker at Pittville, sixty-miles northeast of Redding, was destroyed by fire the day before Christmas, and word reached this city that "Indian Joe" and another man were caught beneath the burning walls and badly burned before they could be rescued. The store was a complete loss, with no insurance. The cause is supposed to have been incendiary.

Not only does the Baker Company suffer, but nearly all the children in Pittville and the surrounding country are affected. The store was the only place where Christmas goods were sold. Many presents had been bought and paid for and left in the store to be called for on Christmas eve. The loss is about $6000 and the firm will not resume the business.

Killed His Wife and Himself.

Sioux City, Ia.—At Algonia, Ia, Harry Adams killed his wife with a shotgun and then blew out his brains. The couple had often quarreled and at one time Mrs. Adams ran away with another man, but afterward returned to Adams. She leaves two young children.

ARREST CAUSES WOMAN'S SUICIDE

Wealthy Widow Accused of Shoplifting Ends Her Life.

Chicago.—Having been arrested and put in a patrol wagon, taken to the station, searched for valuables supposed to be hidden in her clothes and then charged with larceny and disorderly conduct, Mrs. Lottie H. Chaser, a highly respected widow who lived at 587 Cleveland avenue, committed suicide by asphyxiation. She was 51 years of age and the widow of Andrew Chaser, publisher of the Swedish Tribune, who died three years ago, leaving her about $40,000. Mrs. Chaser had accounts at two or three of the largest downtown stores, and probably it was this fact that led to what apparently was a fatal mistake by a detective in a State-street establishment. Being accustomed to taking goods home without paying for them, the elderly woman, intent on purchasing pretty Christmas gifts for her children, started to leave the store without paying the money down on a diamond which she had selected.

A detective who saw her walk away with the gem followed her out of the place and then arrested her. Mrs. Chaser was terrified. She denied the accusation, then seemed to lose her wits and created a scene. The patrol wagon was summoned and she was taken to the police station. A professional bondsman was on hand and she obtained bail.

Bowed with humiliation the aged woman went home and, refusing to join her family, retired to her room, turned on the gas and died.

WAITED FOR IMPRISONED LOVER

Oregon Girl Weds Man Who Robbed a Stage to Marry Her.

Keswick.—The final chapter has been enacted in connection with the Paisley-Lakeview stage robbery in Lake County, Or., which took place but little over a year ago, when Robert Oglesby and Miss Minnie Robinson were married at Medford.

At the time of the robbery it was developed that the driver, Robert Oglesby, had robbed himself. He was caught shortly afterward passing a marked bill known to have been put in the mail pouch the day the robbery occurred. It was rumored at that time that Oglesby had committed the crime that he might secure the means to wed the girl he loved. He was sentenced to the State prison for a year, and the parting of the lover and sweetheart was a sad one to witness.

He returned home to Ager after having served his term. He hunted up the love of a year before, went to Medford, and they were married.

Farm Hand Falls Heir to Wealth.

Hartville, Mo.—Farmhand Henry Roseman has suddenly become rich. From an annual income of less than $375 he has jumped to wealth estimated at $125,000. He is 35 years old, has a wife and six children whom he has cared for on his earnings as a farm laborer. He has been known to his neighbors as steady and hard-working, and to the limit of his means, a good provider. It was his last employer who made Roseman rich—Ed Follensby, a strange old man who came out of the West eight years ago with another strange old man, Jack Cherry, who died four years ago, leaving all his property to Follensby, who now leaves it all to his faithful hired man.

Half Mile of Track Drops Out of Sight.

Tacoma, Wash.—The heavy rains of last week flooded a portion of the lowlands along the new Northern Pacific branch between Wickersham and Whatcom. Dispatches state that half a mile of track has entirely dropped out of sight in what appears to be a bottomless bog. Between Wickersham and Whatcom is a huge peat bog, which has sometimes been cut into for fuel purposes. The heavy rains seem to have saturated the locality and its strength was not sufficient to hold up even an ordinary railroad track. Assistant General Superintendent Law, accompanied by a corps of engineers, looked over the situation, but could find no way of rescuing the lost tracks. Another track will be built, commencing soon, nearer the hills, avoiding the bog.

Wild Man in Yuba Mountains.

Marysville.—A wild man is roaming the mountains in the neighborhood of Bullard's bar, in this county, and the residents are terrorized. Constable Owens was directed by the Sheriff over the telephone to capture the fellow, if possible, and is now off on that mission.

DISASTROUS COLLISION OF STEAMSHIPS

Steamer Kiang Yan Hit by the Bunsang in Straits of Malacca.

FORMER SINKS WITH ALL HANDS

Of the Fleet of Nineteen Japanese Sealing Vessels Four Have Been Lost, Some With All Hands On Board.

Victoria, B. C.—News has been brought by the steamer Tartar, which arrived here, of a disaster in the Malacca straits, as a result of which sixty lives were lost. The Tokio Ahi publishes a telegram from Hongkong stating that the steamer Bunsang was in collision with the steamer Kiang Yan in the Malacca straits and the Kiang Yan was sunk, sixty sailors and passengers being missing.

Dispatches from Hakodate report that an outbreak of fire occurred on board the Iwani Steamship Company's steamer Hokuun Maru off Cape Sutsuki on December 10th and the vessel was sunk, eighteen of the crew losing their lives.

The Japanese sealers had a profitable season, although four vessels of the fleet of nineteen were lost, three of them, it is believed, with all on board, although there were rumors that the men of one, the Tanya Maru, has been seized by the Russians. The total catch of schooners forming the Japanese fleet amounts to 12,621 skins.

The People's Store

GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,

South San Francisco, Cal.

This is the Only Store in San Mateo County that SELLS

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps,

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

Give Us a Call and be Convinced.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed.
Wood and Coal.

Lumber Yard

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Grand and San Bruno Aves.,

South San Francisco, Cal.

Cyrus Noble

The World famous American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

A few reverses do not discourage the girl who is learning to waltz.

Some officeholders seem to forget the time when they were office-seekers.

With the exception of the reason itself, a woman has a reason for everything.

Some people who give skim milk to the poor expect the Lord to credit it as cream.

Unless his wife's relations are rich and distinguished, the average man is never interested in them.

The man who saves up something for a rainy day is the one who knows enough to go in when it rains.

Buffalo Bill is going to quit after two years more of it. Russell Sage must pity him for his lack of enterprise.

In this mechanical age the mechanical man may not reach the highest honors, but he is generally able to pay rent.

High noon is the proper hour for a wedding in high life. When it comes to a divorce any old hour is good enough.

Possibly General Corbin's advice to young army officers not to marry was put forth in the interest of the future pension roll.

That anarchist who shot at King Leopold three times without hitting him must have graduated from some detective force.

The election was a failure in one thing—nobody had to wheel a fat man two miles to pay a fool bet. Perhaps we are getting more civilized.

Some earnest souls get excited because a platfrom doesn't suit them, but the astute politician waits until after election, and then he doesn't do a thing to it.

Dr. Harper may be right in declaring that the church is "alienating the rich," but he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is entirely innocent of such folly himself.

Dancing is said to be going out of fashion. This must be due to the fact that so many society people after playing bridge whist have no money to pay the fiddler.

No sane person will defend Anarchist Rubino's attempt to kill Leopold, King of the Belgians. Leopold is not of the type of man that needs killing. A sound kicking is about his size.

Mr. Morgan has given one cent to a charitable organization. Let us hope the gentleman will not be compelled now to go without things that would have a tendency to increase his comfort.

Gompers fears a war of the unions. Gompers knows human nature. Combination leads to power, and power leads to disintegration, owing to the desire of many people to use the power for many diverse purposes.

American school teachers in the Phillippines do not need to teach the young idea how to shoot. The young idea already knows how and practices on the teacher when there is no American garrison in the immediate neighborhood.

A whole year has passed without a single case of yellow fever originating in Havana. This is one result of American occupation of Cuba. The United States has a vital interest in the continuance of this satisfactory sanitary condition, as well as in the establishment of wholesome political conditions in the island.

The love letters produced in evidence in a suit which attracted considerable attention recently demonstrate once more the awful results following the conjunction of an ink bottle, a quire of note paper and an amorous young man. Every time one of these affairs becomes public it emphasizes the folly of teaching male children to write.

People on this side of the line may talk of annexation sentiment in Canada, but no such talk is heard in Canada itself. The truth is that the Canadian brother hates us and all our works, his only leniency being shown to American embezzlers who take shelter in the dominion with enough money to pay their footing, says the Chicago Chronicle. There is no more prospect of annexing Canada than there is of annexing England itself.

By a French chemist is claimed the invention of a method of compressing sea air into tabloids. Those, therefore, who wish for a change of air will in future only have to go to the nearest chemist's and buy a bottle of Margate tabloids or half a dozen Rivera pastilles. So long as the drugs are properly dispensed the invention will be welcome. It would be unpleasant to ask for Bournemouth pastilles and to receive instead the Cologne (not the eau de Cologne) variety. The latter form has seventy-nine distinct smells.

The reading clubs that are studying the life of Sir Philip Sidney, who was born just three hundred and forty-eight years ago, have a fine opportunity to weigh the comparative value to civilization of the chivalrous deed that attracts attention and the every-day usefulness that does not get into books. Sidneys can never be too common; yet it is true that the world's advance is won not so much by the exceptional hero or genius as by "the quiet men who speak the truth, pay their debts, do their work thoroughly, and are satisfied with their just rewards."

Some of the bravest, best-hearted men of the world are addicted to the habit of profane swearing on occasion. They do not mean anything in particular. They employ the language for mere emphasis. At the same time, any clean-minded person who uses profanity will apologize for the habit. Why persist in doing something for which one is obliged to apologize? Look about you. Listen to a swearing boy. He has caught the lowest oaths that come from the lowest and vilest surroundings. Along with the profane and indecent words you realize the fact the boy must have profane and indecent thoughts. Suppose it were your own boy? And why not if you use profane language? You are his exemplar. Hear a woman curse and swear. Does it not go through one like an electric shock? The ideal of womanhood is dragged down. Humanity is debased by it. One grows sick at heart. You feel the brute side of humanity. The distance between womanhood and a thing seems all the distance between heaven and hell. "It sounds so differently from a woman." There's your double standard of morality—a false standard that has wrought incredible mischief. But again: Does the swearer realize what it means to bandy sacred words? Has he not lost appreciation of delicacy? The name of God ought never to be spoken save in reverence, spoken when the heart is tender and a prayer is in the soul. There are those about one who hold the name in awe and who love and trust the Great Beneficence. How shall they feel when a name, which is to them above every name, is dragged into the mud of careless speech? As you would not couple the name of your mother or wife or daughter in coarse ribaldry so you should not take in vain the name of the noble Nazarene. There are worse habits than swearing—many worse. There are those who have never sworn an oath who are liars, thieves, hypocrites, murderers. That is true. Nevertheless the man who doesn't swear has the better chance to be a decent, courteous, self-respecting gentleman.

Roland B. Molineux, who was adjudged guilty of murder nearly four years ago, has been acquitted by a jury of his peers. The second trial presented marked differences from the first. Judge Lambert, a country judge, who presided, displayed singular fairness, good judgment, and patience, in sharp contrast to Recorder Goff, whose attitude toward the defense in the first trial was the subject of criticism, sharp, if not harsh. Evidence damagaing to Molineux, chiefly in the form of letters which the Recorder admitted, was declared by the Court of Appeals to have been improperly admitted. In the first trial the prosecuting attorney had everything his own way. All the testimony he wished to introduce was let in. The State is often at a disadvantage in a second trial. Some of its witnesses cannot be found, as was the case in the second trial of Molineux. His long imprisonment and suffering must have influenced the jury a little. All of these influences, of course, operated to secure an acquittal for him. The court found it necessary to reprove Mr. Osborne, the prosecuting attorney, whose eagerness to secure a conviction exceeded all reasonable bounds. It is possible for a State's Attorney to show too much zeal in his efforts to send a man to the gallows. The trial was conducted with an orderliness and dispatch which were creditable to the country judge who was taken to New York to preside over this important trial. The court's summing up of the evidence was admirable. No one can review the whole case with satisfaction. It has been at once a farce and a tragedy. Murder was done, and, in spite of great efforts on the part of the State, the murderer is still at large. Molineux has been acquitted, but only after four years in prison and after his family has been nearly bankrupted. If he had been a poor man he would have been hanged. His acquittal is the result of the unwavering courage of his father, who throughout the struggle retained the best counsel in New York. There is much room for improvement when it costs a father his fortune to establish his son's innocence, or when a prosecuting attorney suggests that a rich man cannot be convicted of murder.

Inefficient Puget Sound Forts.

Naval officers think that the forts that defend Puget Sound would be almost useless in case forest fires or thick fog prevailed at the time of an attack from the sea. Difficulties of navigation experienced during the most of the smoke haze caused by the recent tremendous conflagrations and the delay of the battle-ship Oregon in departing for Panama because of danger attendant on making the ocean through the smoke are responsible for the theory that the forts are inefficient under these conditions. The gunners in the forts would be unable to see to aim even in the unlikely event of the discovery of the attacking force.

Asylum in Memory of Victoria.

It has been decided to found an eye hospital and an asylum for the blind as Ceylon's memorial to the late Queen Victoria.

Handsome is as handsome does—and the handsome girl usually does as she pleases.

VETERANS OF SENATE

FIVE MEN WHO ARE SERVING THEIR SIXTH TERM.

Allison the Most Adroit, Hoar the Most Learned, Morgan the Best Fighter—Jones, of Nevada, and Cockrell, of Missouri.

There are five men in the Senate of the United States who have had more or less connection with all important legislation from reconstruction days down to the present. Their years, experience, wisdom, combativeness—all have combined to keep Allison of Iowa, Hoar of Massachusetts, Morgan of Alabama, Jones of Nevada, and Cockrell of Missouri among the senatorial leaders. Each name, from its own peculiar cause, inspires respect. Allison is the "Father of the Senate." His first term began in 1873, and March 4 next he will have completed thirty years of service in the upper house. Jones of Nevada, erstwhile high priest of the free silver cause, now back in the Republican fold, will compete his sixth term at the same time. The other three are now serving their sixth terms.

No other living man has served so long in the legislative halls of his country as Senator Allison. His eight years in the House, added to his thirty years in the Senate, give him a record of continuous service of thirty-eight years. Yet to-day he is hale and hearty and his face is rosy and plump as any girl's. While he has been a hard worker and a fairly good liver, his life has been an even one, and he has not allowed the chase for the dollar nor the ambitions of politics to contract and distort his soul. Always well dressed, he makes you think of a New York clubman or banker rather than of the average American statesman. His black clothes are well cut, and the linen of his shirt and his broad, expansive collar, which exceeds even that of William M. Evarts in size, is of the finest material and as white as the driven snow. His hair has whitened and it is fast becoming iron gray. His eye, however, is bright, and the rosy corpuscles that shine through his fair skin show that his blood is full of iron. Allison is probably the best politician in the Senate.

The learning of George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, is almost revered by his fellow Senators. He is regarded as the ablest lawyer and the most profound scholar in the upper house. He is perfectly inflexible in the matter of principle. People who are moved to temporize, to compromise or abate in the interest of courtesy are sometimes impatient of the man who says: "This is right; I will advocate, maintain and enforce it." Such a man is Hoar.

Morgan of Alabama hits straight from the shoulder. He is a fighter who knows not compromise, and to whom surrender is an unknown word. Witness his fight for an Isthmian canal. Through dark days, when few believed that an interocean waterway was possible, he strove for it, and now he sees his dream nearing a realization. He was ever a fighter. He joined the Confederate army in 1861 as a private, and before the war closed was operating as a brigadier general, with Longstreet, Johnston and Hood. He practiced law in Selma, Ala., until elected United States Senator in 1877.

Before William Jennings Bryan had attracted national attention by his advocacy of free silver, the voice of John P. Jones, of Nevada, was often heard proclaiming the imagined advantages of a white metal currency and demanding the enactment of laws favorable to it. He had studied the money question deeply, had taken part in monetary conferences, and, as owner of silver mines in the West, he could see but one side of the argument as to the relative merits of the white and yellow metals. Jones is one of the luckiest and richest men in the Senate. He is a native of Wales, but was only a year old when his parents settled in Ohio, where he grew up. The California gold fever of 1849 caught him, and he went to the Pacific slope. When the silver strikes were made in Nevada he went over into the Midget State and got his share of its vast wealth. He had been sheriff, legislator and candidate for lieutenant governor, and when he felt that his fortune was secure he took kindly to the suggestion that he become a Senator, and he has, since 1873, been a member of the upper house.

Cockrell of Missouri, though a veteran, has not been conspicuously identified with any legislation of importance, but has always been recognized as one of the ablest men on his side of the Senate. He is a lawyer of ability and was a colonel in the Confederate army. When Carl Schurz left the Senate in 1875 Cockrell was elected to succeed him, and has been there ever since.

FIVE VETERANS OF UNITED STATES SENATE.

WILLIAM B. ALLISON. (Iowa.)
FRANCIS M. COCKRELL. (Missouri.)
J. P. JONES (Nevada.)
GEORGE F. HOAR. (Massachusetts.)
JOHN T. MORGAN. (Alabama.)

SNAKE VIRUS USED ON WEAPONS

Seri Indians Poison Their Missiles with Rattlesnake Venom.

"I scarcely can think they are cannibals, but one day we killed a deer, and, tossing the Indians a hind quarter, they proceeded to devour it raw. They live on fish and turtles mostly and eat them raw."

Thus spoke Edward De Haven concerning the Seri Indians of Tiburon island. He was one of the participants in "Arizona Charley's" expedition to the Tiburon island, and he says the trip was a success. The party met at Hermosillo, Mexico, and consisted of Charles and Frank Meadows, of Arizona; John Arnold, of Randsburg; Warner Weakley, of San Francisco, and George Furgard and Edward De Haven, of San Diego, Cal.

They stopped two days at Hermosillo and then proceeded to Guaymas. At this place the serious work of the expedition commenced, namely, that of getting a boat and an outfit. Whenever the name of Tiburon was mentioned no one would go.

A Yaqui Indian was hired, but he backed out as soon as he heard of their destination, saying: "I would not go for a million dollars."

The party finally bought the sloop Elia, of eleven tons, and sailed to Tiburon, which is about 125 miles down the gulf. They sailed around it for thirteen days, making two trips inland, one of eight miles on the Sonora side and the other four and a half miles on the gulf side.

Whenever they saw any Indians they made a landing. At first the Indians were very suspicious, but finally they consented to do some trading.

The party obtained some of the natives' bows and poisonous arrows and a peculiar bamboo boat. The Indians poison their arrows by taking the liver of a deer, allowing a rattlesnake to bite it and then dipping their arrows into the inoculated liver. The Seris are supposed to have horses, as the party saw several hoof marks. The island is about thirty-two miles long and eighteen wide.

Members of the expedition shot many deer and reported that the island is filled with rattlesnakes.

Not a Good Likeness.

The little daughter of the house watched the minister, who was making a visit, very closely, and finally sat down beside him and began to draw on her slate.

"What are you doing?" asked the clergyman.

"I'm making your picture," said the child.

The minister sat very still, and the child worked away very earnestly. Then she stopped and compared her work with the original, and shook her head.

"I don't like it much," she said. "Tain't a great deal like you. I guess I'll put a tail to it and call it a dog."—Duluth Tribune.

Women, like poker players, raise the blind to see what their neighbors have got.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

Old Father Time: "Dan, if you can't do better work you should shut up shop. One marriage in three winds up in a wreck nowadays, the newspapers tell us."

THE CITY OF BREMEN.

Its Historical Attractions and Its Growth and Beauty.

Bremen is one of the beautiful cities of Europe. Its cleanliness, no less than its attractive buildings, streets and squares, is noticeable. The Germans stand first in exemplifying this virtue and Bremen is the highest type of this characteristic. Nothing is allowed to accumulate in public that would detract from good looks, and dirt fails to find lodgment in even out-of-the-way places.

The city lies upon both sides of the river Weser, and before the era of big steamships, her wharves were lined with ships. Her maritime career began in the fourteenth century when vessels of light draught were used to transport goods over the northern seas. Her sailors once disputed with England, Holland, Spain and Venice for the prizes held out to daring and skillful seamanship. She suffered severely from war and saw her population reduced to a mere handful and property leveled by the millions by fire before the invader withdrew. But she survived these setbacks, recovered the ground lost, and under the benign influence of peace has thrived wonderfully. Bremen to-day has more people, greater riches, and far more comforts than ever before in her history. She is progressive and some of the finest commercial structures of the old world are found in her streets.

While the commercial ramifications of Bremen are worldwide, its greatest business is with the United States. The departure of immigrants to our country is a big share of the total, as every vessel leaving there now has hundreds and, in the case of big ships, thousands seeking a home with Uncle Sam. Last year nearly 150,000 came to us from Bremen, three-fourths of whom were from Poland, Russia, Hungary and Bohemia. The Germans were comparatively few, as these people have ceased to emigrate in anything like the number that sought us before and after the Civil War.

CATHEDRAL AT BREMEN.

Bremen is over 1,100 years old. It has had its share of the ups and downs which have marked the venerable cities of Europe, and when piracy was looked upon as a semi-respectable occupation Bremen sent out her quota of buccaneers. Of her industries shipbuilding is foremost and gives work to thousands. The city has an old quarter and a new and both are marvelously clean. The old cathedral has been standing 900 years and was taken over by the Reformers when Bremen embraced the doctrines of Luther. There is also a venerable church near it which continued in possession of the Catholics. The Town Hall is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, is very old and the most historic pile in the city. Beneath it is the Rathskeller, the most celebrated wine cellar in Europe. Rare old wines of the vintages of 1640, 1720, etc., are to be found in its vaults, through which visitors are escorted. A restaurant which accommodates hundreds is located in the basement. Every stranger goes to the Rathskeller, and at night it is particularly animated.

Bremen was founded by Charlemagne, had a conflict with the church and deprived it of temporal power 300 years before the Reformation, and acted quite differently from other cities in dealing with public questions. Her people have ever been noted for independence and bravery. The Danes conquered them once, but yielded after a time when Bremen regained its sovereignty. It was the first city to back

RATHHAUS IN BREMEN.

up Luther in his contentions with his ecclesiastical superiors and remained staunchly Protestant—190,000 of the 200,000 inhabitants professing that belief at the present time. The Swedes sent powerful armies twice to capture the city, but each time failed to do it. Bremen was the unswerving enemy of Napoleon Bonaparte when other German cities were passive or fawning to gain the good wishes of the great captain.

The twin towers of the cathedral—326 feet high—are unique in that they have six stories before the spire proper begins. Another peculiarity of this edifice is that the cellar furnishes such a dry atmosphere that bodies placed within it do not decompose, nor do birds or fishes, several examples of which are there to substantiate this claim. There are a number of mummies in the cellar which have been preserved for several centuries. Even during the hottest days of summer it is very cold in the cellar and visitors do not tarry unless wearing the garments of mid-winter.

The Rathhaus is at once the oddest and the most ancient-looking building in Bremen. It has been standing several centuries and the city legislators used to meet here and make laws for the town and province long before Columbus set eyes upon the new world. It is as strong to-day apparently as when it was put together in the middle ages.

"As Quick as a Wink."

One very often hears persons say "quick as a wink" when they wish to express time that is very short. There is no wonder that we use the comparison, for a wink has been measured, and it has been carefully ascertained that the time consumed in the operation is four-tenths of a second in the average individual. That is, two-twenty-fifths of a second are consumed in closing the eyes, four-twenty-fifths in resting and four-twenty-fifths in opening it again.

Winks come close to us, for we make them and see them every day, and there is nothing with which we are really familiar that impresses us as consuming so little time, yet supposing we should talk to light and electricity about "quick as a wink" they would laugh at us—that is, if they could understand us and knew how to laugh, for, when we start our wink, if light should start to dart around the world it would make three circuits of the globe and be back in time to see the wink completed. It considers a wink too slow for any use.

Electricity looks with yet greater scorn on the quickness of a wink, for, while the eyelid is closing, it can circle the earth once, go around twice more while it is resting, and make the fifth circuit by the time it is open.

PLUCKY AMERICAN WOMEN.

Aided Her Husband in a Fight with an African Panther.

No woman except a brave daughter of the stars and stripes would have the pluck and energy to go through the fearful ordeal that latterly fell to the lot of the Countess Von Goetzen, the Lady Curzon of German Africa. Her husband is the viceroy of the Kaiser's African possessions and he rules over a territory of 1,470,413 square miles, with a population of 6,550,000 blacks. The Countess originally was Miss May Lowney, of Baltimore, Md. After the death of her first husband, William Matthew Lay, of Washington, she married Count Von Goetzen and thus became to German Africa what Lady Curzon, another American, is to British India—the first lady in the land.

COUNTESS GOETZEN

Recently while the Count and Countess, absolutely unattended, were driving one evening from a plantation in the interior to the capital, Dar-es-Salam, a dark figure sprang from the jungle into the roadway and suddenly confronting the two white horses drawing the open phaeton, caused them to rear and plunge. The Count and Countess at once realized that they were held up by a lion, or panther, and being unarmed their situation was a perilous one. Hastily dismounting and leaving his wife to deal with the terrified and plunging horses, the Count seized a lantern in one hand a huge rhinoceros whip, weighing fifteen pounds, in the other and advanced toward the figure in the road.

The animal was a panther. Its tail was lashing the air in fury and its baleful eyes flashed forth the defiance of its savage nature. Cautiously advancing the Count dealt a furious blow with the whip on the panther's face, following the first attack with another and still another. To the Count's surprise and relief the huge beast of the jungle turned tail and fled, uttering as it bounded into the thicket a cry of rage. Regaining his seat in the carriage the Count took the reins from his wife's hands and continued his journey, in safety, to the capital.

COUNT GOETZEN.

In writing of the incident to the Kaiser the Count warmly eulogized his wife. "Who but a nervy American woman," he asked, "could have managed those plunging horses at the crucial moment? Ninety-nine out of a hundred women would have fainted, the hundredth would have jumped out to seek salvation in flight, or would have run me over to get away. Not so her excellency. She held the horses in a firm grip, and at the same time coaxed and encouraged them with the best German at her command. Then, as we drove home, I standing upright in the carriage to keep the frenzied animals under control, the Countess leaned far out waving her lantern as a protection against other wild beasts that might follow us."

TOWER HELD BY SIX WAZIRIS CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH.

This is the type of the Waziri tower, which six tribesmen occupied for some time against British bombardment, it being taken finally by assault at the cost of the life of Colonel Tonnechy, commander of a wing of the British punitive expedition into Waziriland, and the wounding of two captains, a lieutenant, and eight men. The six Waziris were killed.

China's National Dish.

Chop suey, the national Chinese dish, is growing in popularity in this country. Over sixty Chinese and some American restaurants in New York serve it. The "base," so to speak, is of pork and chicken livers and gizzards. Celery, mushrooms, green peas, chopped string beans and asparagus tips are placed in a frying pan with the meat and covered with a gravy of peanut oil, heavily spiced.

Merely an Impression.

"They say coal is going to be cheap pretty soon."

"No," said the man who loves to look on the dark side, "it isn't going to be cheap. It will merely seem cheap by comparison."—Washington Star.

When an old man tells a young woman that he loves her she naturally expects him to be a paying teller.

Dr. Rollin, a French hygienist, has invented a new system of gymnastics, which he recommends to the feminine beauty seeker. Especially suited as it is to the strenuous temperament, it would seem to be peculiarly adapted to the taste of fair America. A small barrel is the only appartus needed; this may be as simple or s costly as desired.

The exercises are to be taken once a day, in the morning, just after arising. First place your hands on the floor, curve your body over the barrel, as in figure 1, and roll the barrel to your toes and back. When this grows monotonous, turn over on your back and roll the barrel from your shoulders to your heels, and vice versa. For the third exercise put the barrel under the nape of your neck, like a pillow, and take several steps, pushing the barrel along your spine with force. Then run the barrel up and down your side from chest to foot, and back again.

The other five exercises call for both agility and strength. Pick up the barrel without bending your knees. Go through various arm movements: Hold it before your chest with arm extended, then high abov your head with arm straight; lower the barrel with both hands, making a bow of your body; finally, with knees apart, raise and lower it repeatedly with increasing velocity. These exercises, if persevered in, are warranted to reduce flesh.

SING A SONG.

If you'll sing a song as you go along,
In the face of the real or fancied wrong,
In spite of the doubt if you'll fight it out,
And show a heart that is brave and stout;
If you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse the tears,
You'll force the ever-reluctant cheers
That the world denies when a coward dies,
To give to the man who bravely tries.
And you'll win success with a little song—
If you'll sing the song as you go along!

If you'll sing a song as you trudge along,
You'll see that the singing will make you strong.
And the heavy load and the rugged road
And the sting and the stripe of the tortuous goad
Will soar with the note that you set afloat;
That the beam will change to a trifling mote;
That the world is bad when you are sad,
And bright and beautiful when glad.
That all you need is a little song—
If you sing the song as you trudge along!
—Brown Book.

MARRIED CHUMS.

IN the coziest corner of a great dining room sat He and She. A fragrant bunch of roses on the table made the affair look like a wedding banquet, and she did look a bit like a bride, tremulously happy, yet heartily hungry.

"Oh, how I enjoy it all," she said, as the waiter deftly arranged the Blue Points, and then pushed a cushion under Her feet.

"Would the people think we are foolish if they knew that we have a good home and children and our own table, and that after twenty-five years of married life, ran away to a hotel for our little dinner, just as we did before the first baby came?"

He looked at Her fondly across the table. "My dear, let the people think what they please," he said. "If it is foolish for a man to be in love with his wife after a quarter of a century's association, let's be as mad as the maddest. I'm enjoying myself. You look happy. You look like the girl I met at a church social a good many years ago and afterward married. Not for so much as a minute have I ever been sorry. You have always been my chum. The band hasn't played for us all of the time. There have been days when we couldn't have these Stolen Dinners, but you have been the one thing, Dear, that I've always been sure of."

"John, I think the people at the next table can hear you, and your soup is getting cold. Let me talk. I forget my years when I go out with you. I love our children, but it would spoil it to have even them at our stolen parties. It is good of you to want to have me with you. I'm proud to be your chum: I think if most men tried to understand their wives, there would be more happiness in the world. A good many women need sympathy as much as they need love, John. * * * Don't put your foot against mine—the waiter will see you."

Perhaps he did, but not even the shadow of a smile flickered across his face as he arranged the next course, flecked away a few imaginary crumbs and then discreetly disappeared.

"It doesn't seem far to that first social," said He. "You wore flowers in your hair and some lace fixings at your throat; your cheeks were pink and when you talked with the young minister I wanted to puach his head. Oh! I was insanely jealous that night——"

"And very foolish—go on, John," softly.

"And I heard you refuse him when he asked permission to escort you home, and was so happy when he was miserable, that I forgave him for being so good-looking. And then—why, Jennie, you know all about it."

"But I love to hear you tell it."

"Remember how we walked blocks and blocks out of the way to make the trip longer, and how we sat on the porch at your home and looked at the stars—hang it, Jennie! I wonder if any other fellow was ever half so happy as I was after that evening, when I realized that you belonged to ME, and that the preacher, and that little, sawedoff fellow, who clerked in a shoe store—I can't remember his name and I'm glad of it—and all the rest who had been hanging about you for a year, were OUT OF IT forever. Dear, your eyes are shining like stars. You are handsomer at 45 than you were at 20, and——"

"Happier, John," she whispered. "The dinner has been perfect. I think I know how an eloping bride feels. Have the man get my wrap and we'll go home to the children."

He paid a modest check and they left the dining room.

The guests saw the man with many lines of care on his face and a woman no longer young. It is not permitted the public to peer into the hearts, and so they couldn't know that they had dined in the presence of a king who reigned over the wide empire of a woman's heart, and a queen who retained her sovereignty over a man's life, although twenty-five years married.—Des Moines News.

An aching tooth may be little, but it is nervy.

ADVOCATES CURRENCY REFORM.

Hon. Charles N. Fowler, a Brilliant New Jersey Congressman.

Attention has lately been drawn to Hon. Charles Newell Fowler, of New Jersey, by his advocacy of currency reform. Mr. Fowler is the representative of the Eighth District of New Jersey, and ever since he entered Congress in 1894 has been connected with the Committee on Banking and Currency. It was by his efforts that the financial bill was made a law in January, 1900. He is a man of vigorous physique and mentality and his speeches are full of vim.

C. N. FOWLER.

Mr. Fowler was born in Lena, Ill., in 1852. Through his own unaided efforts he educated himself at Yale College, where he was graduated in the class of 1876. He studied law at the Chicago Law School, and then practiced his profession with marked success in Kansas. From the law he passed into important business enterprises, for, in the wonderful commercial activity of the early '80s, there was a demand for sturdy, honest manhood, capable of indefatigable toil, undismayed by defeat, not inflated by victory, which in physical, mental and moral qualities he fulfilled. He went East, settling first in Cranford, and then in Elizabeth, N. J., working with extraordinary industry, but not stifling his nature by working; and when, at the age of 40, he felt that he had achieved such a competency as would enable him to carry out the ideals of his boyhood, this nature, broadened by experience, yet kept free from moth and rust through humane interests, responded buoyantly to the call.

Would Take Him Back.

Maud—Why did you break your engagement with Tom Hotchkiss?

Edith—Hush! Don't tell anyone—but he was growing so horribly fat. When grief has pulled him down a bit I shall take him on again.—New York News.

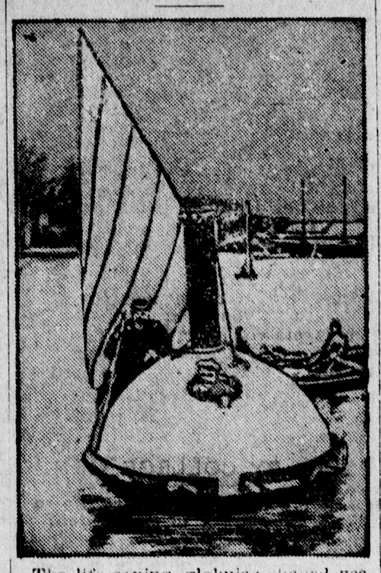
Three "Ages" of Man.

Most men spend one-third of their lives trying to make the world different, another third in learning to live in it as it is, and the remainder in explaining how much better it used to be.—Washington Times.

English Great Butter Eaters.

Great Britian is the greatest butter-eater among the nations—thirteen pounds a head a year—as against eight pounds in Germany, four pounds in France and two pounds in Russia.

NEW LIFE SAVING UNSINKABLE BOAT RECENTLY TESTED.



The life saving, globular shaped vessel invented by Captain Donvig, a Norwegian, was tested successfully in the English channel while a stiff gale was raging. The apparatus was placed in the same condition as it would be in case of shipwreck by being weighted with sand bags, which, with four men in the globe, made the weight equivalent to that of twenty men and thirty days' provisions. The globe, when launched, showed no inclination to roll over, and even the biggest waves did not break over the craft. The vessel is only about eight feet in diameter, the means for obtaining air, even when sealed down, being ingenious and practical. The craft can carry thirty days' provisions, and has a flat double bottom inside, divided into four tanks, which contain fresh water. The water acts as ballast, and, as it is consumed, can be replaced by sea water by means of a pump. It is entered by two watertight manholes, and, owing to its construction, cannot be drawn down by a sinking ship, as is the case with boats, and is absolutely noncapsizable.

GETTING RID OF A FORTUNE.

Young Englishman Who Hopes to Spend $1,500,000 in a Year.

Andrew Carnegie is not the only man who subscribes to the doctrine that to die rich is to die disgraced. A young Englishman, Edward Arthur Robinson, holds the same view, but seeks another remedy beside the giving away of libraries to avert the disgrace. Recently this young man, on attaining his majority, came into the possession of $1,500,000 and forthwith announced his intention of getting rid of the amount in a year. It is more than likely that he will succeed, provided,

EDWARD ARTHUR ROBINSON.

indeed, that he lives, for he has set a pace of prodigality in London that makes the most confirmed "rounder" stare in wonder and which bids fair to abbreviate his career.

Robinson lives in a fashionable hotel where he pays $500 a week for his rooms. He has surrounded himself with gay and reckless spirits, who are ambitious to burn the candle at both ends, and all his time is devoted to pleasure. One of his little suppers recently cost $5,000. The cigars cost $1.50 each and the wines and brandies cost $1 a glass. Robinson intends to visit Monte Carlo, where he hopes to break the bank, and America is one of the countries on his visiting cards. His money was made in the dry goods business by his father, who died some time ago leaving $10,000,000 and who began life as a clerk at $15 a week.

Out-of-Date Slang.

The worst use of slang is not when it is fresh and piquant, but when it becomes stale and passes into the regular vocabulary of the people, to the exclusion of good English. Such expressions as "I can see his finish," when they are first uttered, are often used with considerable humorous effect. But the language is impoverished and vulgarized by the habitual use of "turn-down" for reject; "call-down" for a mild rebuke; "roast" for a severe one, etc. After these expressions have been used for a certain time they ought to be taken out of circulation, along with the ragged banknotes.

Fierce Polar Animals.

"Now, then, children," said the teacher, who had been commenting upon polar expeditions, "who can tell me what fierce animals inhabit the regions of the north pole?"

"Polecats," shouted the boy at the foot of the class.—Philadelphia Press.

Some women are so modest that they won't even own up to the size of their faults.

Labor World

Texas markets $50,000,000 worth of cattle annually.

One of the most unique unions in the country is the Women Butchers' Union.

The longest strike of recent times was that of the Sunderland (England) engineers, which lasted two and a half years—from 1883 to 1885.

It is expected that the Iron Molders' Union of North America will succeed in establishing a nine-hour workday for the craft.

Prolonged idleness among Indiana tinplate workers has been productive of the formation of a co-operative company of the workers at Gas City, who will locate a plant near Los Angeles, Cal.

The eleventh convention of the International Coopers' Union was held in Louisville, Ky. The attendance was the largest in the history of the organization. It was decided to double the per capita tax and thus accumulate a defense fund.

The recent meeting of the Executive Board of the American Federation of Labor decided to make every possible effort to secure the passage of child labor laws in every State in the Union, and to devote particular attention to Georgia and the Carolinas, where, it is said, the conditions of child labor are deplorable.

Census bulletin No. 150 gives the value of each wage-earner's product at $2,451. For the production of this sum the worker receives $437, or less than one-fifth. These figures would seem to indicate that the employers of labor could materially increase wages and yet reach a handsome profit from their investments.

Twenty-eight thousand children, according to the last census, are employed in the cotton factories of the South at wages averaging less than $1.50 per week. The net profits of the owners of these factories in 1900 amounted to $63,000,000; yet the manufacturers say that they are paying their employes all that they can afford.

During the last twenty years more than $130,000,000 capital has been invested in the cotton manufacturing industry in the Southern States, and it is estimated that this year will see one-half the product of the cotton mills produced south of Mason and Dixon's line. In iron, coal and other industries there has been a tremendous increase in the South.

A number of labor papers throughout the country have taken notice of the action of the stationary engineers in drawing the color line at a recent convention in Boston. The convention by a unanimous vote decided that colored workmen were not eligible to membership. The notice taken of this action by the labor press casts a reflection on the regular union of steam engineers known officially as the International Union of Steam Engineers. The association which drew the color line is a mutual admiration society of engineers, who are not recognized as union men.

ELIZABETH, MOTHER OF KINGS.

Princess of Bohemia Known as the Queen of Hearts.

On Aug. 10, in 1596, was born a little princess, Elizabeth, whom Fate destined to be the foundress of our reigning dynasty, as her younger brother, the ill-starred Charles I., was to be the ancestor of the elder branch of Stuart, writes the London Daily News. From either the brother or the sister every living member of every reigning family is descended. It is a little remarkable that James I., the only child of an only child of an only child, is the ancestor of every princely personage in Europe, as well as of many others.

Elizabeth, who was named after our queen of "spacious times," was deeply attached to Henry, the eldest son of James I., who died in his father's lifetime. She married in 1613 the Palgrave of the Rhine, who afterward became the winter king of Bohemia, and, after much suffering, died in 1632, just as Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, who had been a claimant for Elizabeth's hand, was triumphing. The widowed queen lived on poor allowances from England, Holland or the Rhine states until she returned to England after the restoration of her nephew, Charles II. She then resided in Lord Craven's house in Drury lane, where she died in 1662.

We canot now measure what the charms and wit were which gained for her the name of "Queen of Hearts" and the admiration of all who knew her. She was not clever. She was not on the best of terms with all of her numerous children, many of whom became Roman Catholics. It was owing to this fact that it was her youngest but one, Sophie of Hanover, who gave us our present reigning family, for the Duc d'Orleans, now living, is the senior of our king even as descendant of Elizabeth. Her favorite child was Prince Rupert of the Rhine, the royalist cavalry leader, whose name is renewed to-day in the second heir to the throne of Bavaria, to whose house he belonged.

What a nice old world this would be if everybody were as polite as political candidates!

A man seldom has any trouble in finding trouble.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1903.

It is better to do than it is to resolve.

The 9:26 a. m. train of the S. P. Company is greatly overcrowded every day. Three cents a mile is a round price to pay for riding on a railroad. The people of this town who pay the price are compelled to ride the fourteen miles to the city standing and usually have to stand in a crowded aisle.

The fire insurance tax is one that counts in the development of every town. In this young city we have a fire district, a hose house, hose cart and hose, also water under pressure for fire purposes, but no hose company. The fire insurance tax will be high until we provide protection against loss by fire.

There is at present a dearth of dwelling houses in this town. The demand for dwellings goes on increasing and outruns the supply. A new industry has commenced work on the construction of its plant. In a comparatively short time it will be ready for business and then the demand for more dwelling houses will increase by a big long stride. If houses are not built for use and rent at once the employes of the new industry will be compelled to go to the city for domicile and the Fuller Company business will be repeated. If property owners would commence building at once say twenty to twenty-five small dwelling houses, they would find tenants to fill them by the time they were completed.

TWO SECRETS.

Eben Hid His From His Wife, and She Cherished Her Own.

"How's business, Eben?"

The old man was washing at the sink after his day's work.

"Fine, Marthy; fine!"

"Does the store look just the same, with the red geranium in the window? Land, how I'd like to see it with the sun shining in! How does it look, Eben?"

Eben did not answer for a moment When he did, his voice shook a bit.

"The store's never been the same since you left, Marthy."

A faint little flush came into Martha's withered cheek. Is a wife ever too old to be moved by her husband's flattery?

For years Eben and Martha had kept a tiny notion store; then Martha fell sick and was taken to the hospital. That was months ago. She was out now, but she would never be strong again—never be partner in their happy little trade again.

"I can't get over a hankering for a sight of the store," thought Martha one forenoon. "If I take it real careful, I can get down there. 'Tisn't so far. Eben 'll scold, but he'll be tickled most to death."

It took a long time for her to drag herself downtown, but at last she stood at the head of the little street where the store was. All of a sudden she stopped. Ahead, on the pavement, stood Eben. A tray hung from his neck, on which were arranged a few cards of collar studs, some papers of pins and shoelaces. Two or three holders were in his shaking old hand, and as he stood he called his wares.

Martha clutched at the wall of the building. She looked over the way at the little store. Its windows were filled with fruit, and an Italian name fluttered on the awning. Then Martha understood. The store had gone to pay her expenses. She turned and hurried away as fast as her trembling limbs would take her.

"It will hurt him so to have me find out," she thought, and the tears trickled down her face.

"He's kept a secret from me, and I'll keep one from him," she said to herself. "He shan't know that I know."

That night when Eben came in, chilled and weary, Martha asked cheerfully the old question:

"How's business?"

"Better 'n ever, Marthy," answered Eben.—Youth's Companion.

Mean Advantage.

On attempting to question a loquacious patient one day the late Dr. Sands was irritated beyond all endurance. After vainly endeavoring to stem the torrent of gabble, he said sternly:

"Madam, let me see your tongue. That's good. Now keep it there while you hear what I have to say to you."

His Peripatetic Lunch.

Waitress (at quick lunch stand)—Do you want to eat this sandwich here or take it with you?

Gentleman—Both.—Harvard Lampoon.

DON'T YOU CARE.

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Don't you care;
If it hails or if it snows,
Don't you care;
'Tain't no use to sit and whine
'Cause a fish ain't on your line—
Bait your hook and keep on tryin'—
Don't you care.
When it looks like all was up,
Don't you care;
Drain the dregs and squeeze the cup,
Don't you care;
'Spose you're out o' ev'ry dime?
Gettin' broke ain't any crime,
Tell the world you're feelin' prime—
Dont' you care.
Pleasure's wand is tipped with bubbles,
Don't you care;
Life is full of transient troubles,
Don't you care;
If on sweets you can't be fed,
Dry your tears and laugh instead,
Live now! Some day you'll be dead—
Don't you care.

MABEL PORTER PITTS.

JOKES BY COLLEGE MEN.

Some of Them Are Handed Down From Generation to Generation.

There are some college jeux d'esprit which time and the absence of their own sustaining atmosphere have not wholly desiccated, says William Mathews in the Saturday Evening Post—as, for example, the reply of a senior, whose class was studying mental philosophy, when asked, "Does an effect ever go before a cause?" "Yes, sir; sometimes." "Give an example." "A man wheeling a barrow." That student would certainly have distinguished himself at special pleading if he had become a lawyer who, when asked by his professor one Monday morning if he had attended church the day before replied, "Yes, sir; I attended the First church," and to the question, "Are you not aware, sir, that there was no service at the First church yesterday?" replied, "I meant, professor, the first church I came to."

We doubt if Tom Hood or Horace Smith, quick witted as they were, could have made a happier reply than that made by a wit in Waterville college (now Colby) of the class of '45 to Professor Martin B. Anderson, afterward the famed president of Rochester university. One morning he read in the classroom a sparkling essay, and the professor, knowing or suspecting it to have been cribbed from some public print, asked as the reader sat down, "Is that essay original, Mr. Jones?" "Why, yes, sir," said Jones with imperturbable coolness and that pasteboard look which he always wore, "I suppose it is. It had 'original' over it in the newspaper I took it from."

It was a Brown university student who had the front to ask Professor Caswell whether his name would not be as well without the C.

It was a Brown graduate who at the age of sixty led to the hymeneal altar a bride of twenty-five and who, being asked by a college classmate how he contrived at his frosty time of life to win the affections of so young a woman, replied: "Oh, it was easy enough. I just addressed to her two lines of poetry. I wrote:

"If love is a flame that is kindled by fire,
Then an old stick is best because 'tis drier."

It was a Harvard student who many years ago had the courage at the sudden apparition of Professor P. at a bonfire which the youth with other students had kindled in the college yard to stand and confront him when, as in the case of Casabianca on the burning deck, "all but him had fled." "I am surprised, Thomson, to find you in such company!" exclaimed the professor. "I see nobody here but you and me, professor," was the reply.

The Woman and the Window.

Why is it, asks an exchange, that a woman can struggle until she is red in the face and worn out both in temper and body by a window in a railroad train in her vain endeavors to close or open it when all that a man has to do is to walk up and go over exactly the same line of action that she has already exhausted, and down comes the refractory window in a jiffy? It is a most humiliating fact, but a very true one, nevertheless, that not five women out of a dozen ever succeed in arranging a window to their satisfaction. They pull and tug until they are embarrassed and finally in a pleading manner look around at some slip of a man, who without any nonsense brings about the desired effect, while the woman looks on in silent wonder at his marvelous skill and dexterity.

The Lord's Intermediary.

Along with the snug little fortune that Deacon Jones had accumulated as the leading grocer of Gooseville Cove, his bump of self esteem, which was originally fairly large, had increased proportionately, until, as the richest man in the Cove, he felt himself entitled to considerable deference—its patron saint, in fact. When one day good old Parson Abbeck went to him for a subscription to home missions—which he got—he remarked, "Deacon, I cannot help noticing that your fellow citizens seem to hold you in high esteem."

"Waal, yis," replied the deacon complacently, "guess that's 'bout so. The Covers do look up to me, parson, that's a fact; and I—well, I look up to God!"—New York Times.

Crude Logic.

It is told of an East Indian law student that he once threw his examiners into confusion by declaring matrimony to be an illegal state. "How so? How so?" he was asked by the perturbed examiners, many of them married men. The student smiled beatifically. "Marriage," quoth he, "is a lottery, and lotteries are forbidden by law."

Differently Put.

Wigwag—Are you interested in woman's rights, Miss Caustique?

Miss Caustique—No; woman's wrongs.—Philadelphia Record.

Bible Not All of Equal Worth.

Bishop Potter, in his introduction to "The Bible for Children," which has recently been published, says:

BISHOP POTTER.

"The progress which lately has been made in understanding what the Bible is, and what it is not, has prepared the way for such a book as this.

"That progress has brought to light two things; namely, that the Bible has in it a human as well as a divine element; that it is the story not only of a divine disclosure in many ways and under widely different conditions, but also a human document, in that it is the story and sometimes the illustration of the imperfect and therefore inaccurate vision of man.

"Not all of the Bible is of equal worth or pertinency; not all of it of equal interest or utility. The old tradition that to read it through mechanically and undiscriminatingly two or three times a year had of itself some occult and mysterious potency, has come to be recognized as belonging to the kindred tradition that soldiers' lives have been saved by a New Testament carried in the left breast pocket; because it was a Testament; whereas, any other volume carried in the same place would have stopped a bullet quite as effectively. But all the while the living, spiritual, quickening force of the literature has endured and will endure, because it is, in every higher note of it, the voice of the divine."

Fixing the Heart on God.

Throughout Christian history no characteristic of the genuine believer has been more noteworthy than the fact that God is the chief subject of his thought and affection. He may be the busiest of men, with large and diversified interests of all sorts, and he may have gained success and honor by his energy and skill in his occupation. But it is his peculiarity that he is animated in all his business or professional intercourse by the distinct purpose to serve God, and that, whenever there comes an interval, his thoughts turn at once in some form to his Heavenly Father. He does not parade the fact. He is more apt to be reticent about it. But as you grow intimate with him you learn that his relation and that of his fellows to the Almighty, his obligation to live righteously, and his privilege in experiencing and illustrating the divine love are the background and foundation of all that he does and is. His heart is fixed upon God.—Congregationalist.

The Sabbath.

When the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week!

How sweet to hail the early dawn,
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!

Sweet days, thine hours too soon shall cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breath, heavenly spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul!

When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun;
That day which fades no more?
—James Edmeston.

Not Walking in Christ's Footsteps.

A young woman who had lately come into the church went to the pastor and asked him if he could direct her in the way of some service for Christ. He suggested that she visit certain families, who, while they were not in distress, had, he felt, been neglected. "Oh," was the reply, "I am sure I should never enjoy such work as that." "Then I have mistaken your meaning," returned the pastor; "I thought you were hunting for work, not for a means of enjoying yourself."

Send the Banner Ahead.

When Joan of Arc was asked the secret of the invincibility of her white banner, she said: "I send my banner forward against the enemy, and then I follow it myself." Let us send the white banner of our new resolutions forward into each new day, as a challenge to the foes that have menaced and discomfited us during the yesterday, and then let us steadily and persistently follow them ourselves.

Power of a Purpose.

As the chemist drops a little acid into the bottle of cloudy solution, thus precipitating the metal to the bottom and clarifying the liquid, so a strong, high purpose, put into a life, clears away many of its perplexities and restores it to its simple elements. For, after all, the easiest life, as well as the best, is the life with some noble and definite purpose.

Mr. Moody's Prayer.

D. L. Moody told some hundreds of messenger boys who went to hear him in New York that he thought he had said the little prayer, "Lord, help me," a million times in his life. Surely there is no one who does not need to breathe that brief petition more than once in the course of the busy day.

Clear Points.

Religion is not enjoyed until it is employed.

The soul has reasons which reason cannot fathom.

The religion that is not enjoyed is not fully possessed.

If trouble drives you to prayer, prayer will drive away trouble.

God's visits, if gratefully received, will be graciously repeated.

Faith in only a part of Christ can never make you a whole man.

Our doctrine will not disturb the enemy until it crystalizes into deeds.

Doubt as to prayer's efficiency can be removed by no argument but prayer.

There is too much borrowing of the cruse which goes for bearing the Cross.

Keep your conduct abreast of your conscience, and very soon your conscience will be illumined by the radiance of God.

Self-deception would persuade us that we can follow Christ intellectually, philanthropically, and otherwise; but His word insists that this can be only as we are washed from our sins.

THE VETERAN AND THE TYRO.

How Mr. Kipling Aided a Young Correspondent in South Africa.

Some light is thrown on the personal characteristics of Mr. Kipling by a story told by Mr. Frederick Unger, the American newspaper correspondent, in his book on the Boer War, "With 'Bobs' and Kruger." Mr. Unger went as an independent correspondent to the scene of the war, and for some time met with no luck, failing, because he was not definitely attached to a paper, to get a correspondent's license. One day he went to see Mr. Kipling.

He sent up his card, he writes, and soon "the greatest little man of all England" met him with extended hand, saying:

"Well, what are you doing out here?"

Mr. Unger told his story, and Kipling said:

"I like your nerve; but why don't you sink your nationality and join one of our corps of rough riders or scouts? You'll get the real thing."

Mr. Unger objected to this idea, and then Mr. Kipling put him through a cross-examination as to his fitness. Finally, as Mr. Unger was hoping the veteran writer would take him with him to the front, Mr. Kipling said:

"I couldn't have a man in the same line as myself. You'd be using my material."

"But, Mr. Kipling, I hope you don't for a moment think I am so foolish as to think myself in the same class with you?"

"Now, that's just where you make a mistake!" Mr. Kipling snapped out, energetically. "You should think yourself every bit as good as I, and make it your object to beat me at my own game. Keep yourself thinking that you can do better than I can, and perhaps you'll be able to do so. Put your address on this card and I'll speak to a few fellows I know who might be able to use you, and then let me know."

Some time after Mr. Unger met Mr. Amery, the chief of the London Times staff.

"What's your name?" asked Mr. Amery. "Oh, you must be the man Mr. Kipling was talking about. Can you come with us right away?"

So, thanks to the author of "The Light That Failed," Mr. Unger became what in that book Mr. Kipling calls "a youngster jerked into the business at the end of a telegraph wire."

Supposed Relic of Allouez.

In January of this year two hunters found upon the site of an old Indian village on the southeast shore of Green Bay, Wisconsin, just above Point Sable, a combined sun-dial and compass of bronze, evidently of great age.

Reuben G. Thwaites, in his recent volume on Father Marquette, thinks that this instrument may have belonged to Father Claude Jean Allouez or some of his assistants at the Green Bay mission. This was the second Jesuit mission. The first was at Lapointe on Lake Superior, where Marquette went in the autumn of 1669 to succeed Allouez.

The bronze compass and sun-dial contains rudely engraved upon it the latitude and longitude of several of the principal forts, missions, and other settlements in New France. The spelling and other orthographic peculiarities are of the seventeenth century.

Allouez says in his journal that he went to reform a settlement of six French fur traders who were maltreating the Indians. During the winter of 1669-70 he visited along the shore of the bay at various Indian villages. The village where the instrument was found was probably one of them, and the instrument may be a relic of Allouez, Marquette's predecessor.

Fame is a glorious thing, but a small regular income is much more satisfactory to the average man.

The Worm Turned.

He loved her devotedly. He was also bowlegged. Both facts gave him pain at times.

He passed it by with a rueful smile when she merrily said that his affliction gave him such an arch look and that, after all, he was a pretty good sort when you got on to his curves. He bore it patiently when she referred to his walk as parenthetical progress. But he rebelled and broke the engagement when she called her pet dog through the wicket formed by his legs.

"I may not be so over ornamental," said he, "but I emphatically object to being made useful so unseasonably early in the game!"—Smart Set.

Mrs. Hamilton's Ice Cream.

Mrs. Alexander Hamilton had the first ice cream in the city of Washington. She used to tell with amusement of the delight with which President Andrew Jackson first tasted it. Guests at the next White House reception were treated to the frozen mystery, and great was the fun of the initiated when they saw the reluctance of others to taste the cold stuff. Those from the rural districts especially eyed it suspiciously, then melted each teaspoonful with the breath before swallowing it. The next time they had a chance they ate it with delight.

"You have discovered a new disease, have you, doctor? What are you going to call it?"

"That is a matter requiring some thought," responded the eminent medical specialist. "I have decided upon a name so far as the first three or four syllables are concerned, but have not made up my mind yet whether to classify it as an 'itis' or an 'osis.'"—Chicago Tribune.

A certain butcher is renowned among his contemporaries for the quaintness and originality of some of his remarks.

On a road leading to a neighboring parish he one day met a gentleman who at the time owed him for some meat. After a salutation the gentleman remarked:

"That's a fine fat dog you have, Alexander."

"Sae weel he may, sir," was the reply, "for he has an easy conscience and is oot o' debt, and that's mair than you or I can say!"

The hint was taken, and the butcher got his money next day.—London Answers.

She Needed It.

An old colored woman who had saved up a little money went to her lawyer to consult with him about investing it profitably. When she was asked, says Harper's Magazine, what interest she expected, she answered in a very sure and emphatic manner:

"Twelve per cent, Mr. Jedge."

When the attorney expressed some surprise, she explained her position thus:

"Well, jedge, I ain't got much money, an' yo' see I has ter git a big per cent ter make up."

Reversed.

"A horse ran away with my brother, and he hasn't been out of doors for three weeks."

"That's nothing. My brother ran away with a horse, and he hasn't been out of doors for three years."—Baltimore American.

Pardoned.

"I spent all the money I had in the world on flowers for you, darling."

"Well, dear, it wasn't your fault that you didn't have more."—Life.

South San Francisco Laundry

C. GRAF, Prop'r.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco. Special attention paid to the washing of **Flannels and Silks.**

All Repairing Attended to

Your patronage respectfully Solicited. Leave orders at BADEN CASH STORE,
South San Francisco, Cal.

UNION COURSING PARK

The Finest Inclosed COURSING PARK In the World

IS NOW IN OPERATION AT

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FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

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OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner Grand and Linden Avenue, SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO CAL

TOWN NEWS

School will reopen Monday, January 5th.

Under-Sheriff Henry Butts paid our town a visit on Tuesday.

Hon. Jos. J. Bullock was in town on official business Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Vandenbos' baby is sick at the Linden House.

Dr. W. M. Barrett of Redwood paid our town an official visit Saturday.

One of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Robinson's children is suffering with diphtheria.

Ex-Supervisor Howard Tilton was a welcome visitor in Redwood Friday.—Democrat.

December past was the largest money order month in the history of our local Postoffice.

Miss Carrie Slocum of San Francisco is visiting friends and relatives at the Grand Hotel.

W. F. Bailey has just finished painting the new barn belonging to Debenedetti & Montevaldo.

Miss Carrie Grigsby of San Francisco is spending a brief vacation with her sister, Mrs. Chas. Duer.

C. W. Davis and family have moved into the cottage belonging to and formerly occupied by E. C. Collins.

J. O. Culver of Palo Alto, U. S. Postoffice Inspector, inspected the Postoffice at this place on Saturday last.

A. B. Keller, agent for the Southern Pacific at this place, has rented one of the Tyson cottages on Grand avenue.

W. S. Lamb and family of Queensland, Australia, arrived on Monday and will spend some weeks here visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. J. P. Todt returned home on Tuesday feeling nearly well, but under the orders of his doctor will not return to work for a few days.

Alexander Sagala was quite badly burned about the back by escaping steam at the packing-house Monday afternoon. It is not thought that his injuries are of a serious nature.

The property known as the Central Hotel has been sold by F. C. Siebe to P. Pala. Pala has taken possession and will run the place as a hotel.

Shadow Party and entertainment given for the benefit of a neighbor in distress by Vella Flora Circle, Women of Woodcraft, at Butchers' Hall, January 10th, 1903. Admission, 25c; children, 10c.

Early Christmas morning, while in the act of currying one of his horses, Mr. A. G. Bissett received a kick from the animal which resulted in the breaking of one of the small bones in the left wrist.

Real estate bought and sold; houses rented; taxes paid; conveyancing done; leases and other legal papers drawn by E. E. Cunningham, real estate agent and notary public. Postoffice building. *

A young fellow named Jack McDermott raised a row while drunk Christmas eve at Colma and threatened to kill Ed Baker. McDermott had a hearing on Tuesday before Justice Cunningham and was required to give security to keep the peace in the sum of $1000. Failing to give the bond he was committed to the county jail.

If you desire to feel safe, sleep sound and fortify your credit, don't fail to have a policy of fire insurance to cover your property, and to secure such protection in sound companies, call on E. E. Cunningham, at Postoffice building.

Mr. E. C. Collins, one of the pioneer citizens of this town and for many years chief engineer for the Western Meat Company, removed to the city of San Francisco Monday, where he has accepted the position of engineer for the Merchants' Cold Storage Packing Co., a new enterprise near Norch Beach. Mr. Collins and his family will be greatly missed here, where they were so well known and highly esteemed.

On Friday, December 26th, the body of an unknown man was found lying in the ditch nearly covered with water alongside of the track of the electric railroad in front of Cypress Lawn Cemetery. The man was apparently about forty years of age, about 5 feet 7 inches in height, with sandy hair and mustache and partly bald on the crown of his head. His dress consisted of dark coat and vest, brown pantaloons over blue overalls, black cotton shirt and black slouch hat. He was evidently a workingman. The deceased was seen very much intoxicated on Christmas evening in front of the gate at Holy Cross Cemetery about six o'clock p. m. He evidently wandered up the track after dark and was struck by a car on the electric railroad, as his right leg was crushed and his left leg almost severed from the body. An inquest was held on the 26th and the body was sent to Redwood and buried by Coroner Crowe.

BURGLAR IN THE TOILS.

On Tuesday the preliminary hearing was held before Justice of the Peace E. E. Cunningham in the case of the People vs. John Collins, charged with the burglary of A. E. Shirley's store on the evening of December 7th. Collins stated his true name is Wm. Greenway. The two sweaters, two pistols and a number of finger rings taken from the store on the night of December 7th were found in the room occupied by Greenway at the Grand Hotel in this town. The pistols and rings were found concealed in the inside of the mattress of the bed occupied by Greenway. The articles were identified by Mr. Shirley as goods missing from his stock. Young Flynn, who is charged with Greenway as a participant in the burglary, testified that he, Flynn, a man named Egan and Greenway roomed together at the Grand Hotel; that Greenway came into the room on the night of December 7th, about 10:30 o'clock, and brought with him the two sweaters, the two pistols and some jewelry and that Greenway hid the pistols and rings in the mattress that evening or night. Greenway was held to answer on the charge of burglary with bail fixed in the sum of $1000.

CHRISTMAS WEDDING.

Miss Fortuna Zaro, a daughter of D. Zaro of Holy Cross, and Mr. George F. Lewis, a young business man of Santa Rosa, were married at the Zaro residence at noon of Christmas day. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father James Cooper. The Zaro home was tastefully decorated with Christmas greens and holiday emblems. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Minnie Zaro, and E. T. McMurray, an attorney-at-law of San Francisco, acted as best man. The bridal presents were numerous and beautiful. The young married couple went north on their honeymoon. None but immediate relatives were present at the wedding ceremony.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining unclaimed at Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal., January 1, 1903:

Bennett, J. F., 2; Danati, N.; Davis, James; Gherdes, Henry; Hoare, Jas. H.; Fawley, Reuben; Nason, Fred L.; Togniella, A.; Wilcox, Willard C.

Foreign—Martini, Raffaello; Quilici, Vincenzo.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

NEW STAGE LINE.

Rumor is afloat to the effect that a new stage line is to be established between Halfmoon and San Mateo upon the opening of the electric road to this place about Janaury 1st. The proposition, as we understand it, is to put on a full equipment of horses and vehicles and reduce the present rate of fare. The stage will leave early in the afternoon and return late in the afternoon, as cars will be running between San Mateo and San Francisco every half hour. The names of the owners are, up to this time, unknown.—Times, San Mateo.

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT'S FRIEND.

Chief Bartlett of the San Mateo Fire Department has received from Mr. Chas. Frederick Kohl three checks of $100 each, one for each fire company in the Department, as a Christmas gift. Last year the gentleman made a similar gift. The fire boys feel very grateful to Mr. Kohl for his generosity toward them.—Leader, San Mateo.

WILL LIGHT RAILROAD LINE.

It is reported that the United Railroads will light its line with electricity from San Francisco through the county to San Mateo. The improvement if carried out will be of great benefit to the public, as a considerable part of the line is on the county road.—Democrat.

EAGAN A FUGITIVE MURDERER.

Edward Eagan, one of the men arrested last week for complicity in a robbery at Baden, has turned out to be an ex-convict and a fugitive murderer and thief. He was taken to San Francisco Tuesday by Detective Ryan to answer a charge of assault with intent to commit robbery in that city recently. The detective on seeing Eagan identified him as the perpetrator of a murder in Alaska, the penalty of which he escaped by coming to California and securing employment in the packing-house at Baden, thus eluding the officers. He will be sent to Alaska to answer for his crime.—Democrat, Redwood City.

SUPERVISORS WILL MEET MONDAY.

The Board of Supervisors will meet next Monday and by noon will conclude its business and adjourn sine die. The new board will then organize. The only change in the personnel of the body, however, will be Dr. C. L. McCracken, the newly-elected member from the Fifth, to succeed John McCormick, who has served that district for four years. Dr. McCracken is a young man, very popular in his district, and wide awake as to its needs.—Democrat.

HELD UP AND ROBBED.

Alexander Andrews, an employe of the Western Meat Company at Baden, was attacked by two men and robbed early Thursday morning on Fourth street, San Francisco. Andrews called for help and Officer Blick ran to his assistance and chased one of the robbers. On turning a corner the officer collided with a woman, knocking her senseless. Blick staggered and fell, severely injuring his left knee. The fleeing footpad was captured by citizens and turned over to the officer.—Democrat.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of $10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

FOR SALE.

Good improved business lot. Pays good interest on price asked. Inquire of E. E. Cunningham.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

NOTICE.

For Sale—Two cottages near the Postoffice. Four large rooms, hall, large pantry and bath each. Hot and cold water, electric bells. Size of lot, 50x140 feet. Will be sold if taken soon for $2300, for the lot and two houses. For terms and particulars call on or address C. L. Benjamin, No. 113 Ninth street, San Francisco, Cal., or E. E. Cunningham at Postoffice, South San Francisco, Cal.

HUNTING CARIBOU.

One, Shot Through the Heart, Ran Two Hundred Yards.

The caribou is very tenacious of life, says S. W. Watts in Collier's Weekly, writing about hunting these animals in Newfoundland. My companion used a 30.40 Winchester and the writer used an .8 Mannlicher. With such strong guns we were seldom able to stop a big stag with a single shot, even when hit in a vital spot. One that the writer shot through the heart ran with the rest of the drove for 200 yards, as though he had not been touched, before collapsing. When we opened him, he had only one bullet hole and his heart was cut in two. Another went about the same distance on the jump with both fore shoulders broken and a bullet through the neck. On several other occasions the stags when hit went off with such strength that when they fell they dug their antlers in the ground and turned complete somersaults.

The first caribou we killed was a fawn. We picked him out because we wanted meat, and, being young, we thought he ought to be tender. In fact, however, his meat was almost useless—lean, tough, stringy and very dark in color. This was difficult to understand, and the guides, for some reason, were unable to offer an explanation. However, I learned the reason later. It appears that during the mating season the fawns are weaned. The old stag, driving the fawn away from the mother, will strike him with his horns and chase him half a mile. As soon as the stag gives up the chase and turns back to the doe the fawn will return; then the stag will chase him again. This is kept up for eight or ten days, with the result that from worry, violent exercise and change of diet the meat of the fawn becomes for a time unpalatable.

THE APOSTLES.

Emblems Bestowed Upon Them by the Mediæval Artists.

The mediæval artists, having no idea of the personal appearance of the Saviour's followers, adopted a set of signs, or emblems, for each, which soon became familiar to all. The emblem of Peter was either a large key or two keys crossed, which is readily explained by referring to the words of Christ (Matthew xvi, 19), "And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." The emblem of Paul was a sword and a book—the latter to remind the beholder that he was a teacher of men, the former to indicate that he was beheaded with a sword. St. Andrew was usually figured standing by a cross shaped like a letter X, that being the form of the cross upon which legend says he was crucified. The emblem of St. James the Great was either a sword, referring to the fact that he was also beheaded, or a pilgrim's staff, he being a great traveler.

St. John's emblem was a caldron, referring to his experience in the boiling oil. St. Philip's emblem is an enigma. It was a spear and a cross, yet it is known that he was hanged. St. Bartholomew, who was "flayed alive," is represented with a knife and his skin hanging over his arm. Matthew's emblem is a square, supposed to have some reference to Christ's calling. St. Thomas, having been "pierced with a dart," is pictured carrying a spear. The emblem of James the Less was a club, he having been "beaten to death with a faggot;" St. Matthias an ax, he having been beheaded. Simon's emblem was a saw. The legend says "he was sawn asunder."

Courtesy Among the Swedes.

The Swedes are a quiet, taciturn people. There is no jostling even among the lowest classes. When a train leaves a platform or a steamboat a pier, the lookers on lift their hats to the departing passengers and bow to them, a compliment which is returned by the passengers. You are expected to lift your hat to the shabbiest person you meet in the street, and to enter a shop, office or bank with the hat on is considered a bad breach of good manners. In retiring from a restaurant you are expected to bow to the occupants. Bowing and hat lifting are so common that the people seem to move around more slowly than elsewhere in order to observe the courtesy.

Didn't Have a Chance.

A New York man tells this story of a friend who was very fond of field sports and possessed a fine pair of red Irish setters. One night he visited a fashionable gambling establishment, taking the dogs with him. He sat down to enjoy supper, when the proprietor, who was very fond of shooting, remarked:

"Those are very fine animals, Mr. Blank. Are they broke?"

"Heavens! No," was the response. "They haven't been in here five minutes."

A Quick Witted Waiter.

During mosquito season a party of diners seated themselves at table in an outdoor restaurant, and a man of the party took the bill of fare and began to study it. A mosquito lighted upon it and instantly lost its life by a quick blow from the man, its little carcass remaining on the bill. Pointing to it, the man said to the waiter:

"Do you serve those on toast?" And the waiter promptly replied:

"They're on the bill, sir!"—New York Times.

Value of the Lessons.

Mrs. Bilkins—Do you think it is worth while for my daughter to go on taking singing lessons? She has been at it for five years and cannot sing yet.

Professor von Note—Dit you expecd her to learn to zing? She vill neffer zing in zee vide vorld.

"Then why didn't you say so long ago?"

"I thought you merely vanted to strengthen her lungs."

Potted Plants.

The reason some people "never have any luck with plants" is sometimes because the drainage is defective. A plant will not live in a heavy, sour, soggy soil, such as fills a pot when the drainage is not complete. This is especially true of palms, to which the stagnant moisture is sure death, but it holds true of any pot grown plant.

Papa's Joke.

"I think it is so silly to see a baby biting his toes," remarked the young mother.

"Well, I don't," spoke up the young father. "It shows that he is already learning how to be thrifty."

"Thrifty?"

"Yes; isn't he making both ends meet?"—Chicago News.

One Better.

Mrs. Witherby—We must give some sort of affair, dear, if only to maintain our position.

Witherby—I suppose you want it to cost as much as possible?

"Oh, more than that!"—Life.

Possession No Proof.

A name on the handle of an umbrella is not sufficient identification at a bank.—Philadelphia Record.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Desirable cattle of all kinds are selling at strong prices.

SHEEP—Sheep of all kinds are selling at steady prices.

HOGS—Hogs are in demand, but at steady prices.

PROVISIONS—Provisions are in fair demand, with some products lower.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are ₱ ℔ (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

CATTLE—No. 1 Fat Native Steers, 9@9½c; 2d quality, 8½c; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 7@7½c; No. 2 Cows and Heifers, 6½@7c; thin Cows, 4@6c.

HOGS—Hard, grain fed, 140 to 250 lbs, 6¼@6½c; over 250 to 300 lbs, 6@6¼c; rough, heavy hogs, 4½@5; hogs weighing under 140 lbs, 6@6¼c.

SHEEP—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs. and under, 4@4¼c; Ewes, 3½@3¾c. Yearling Lambs, 4½@5.

CALVES—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 5½@6c; over 250 lbs, 4½@4¾c.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses.

BEEF—First quality steers, 7¼@7½c; second quality, 7c; first quality cows and heifers, 6¼@6¾c; second quality, 6c; third quality, 5@5½c.

VEAL—Large, 7@7½c; medium, 8@8½c; small, good, 8½@9½c; common, 7@7½c.

MUTTON—Wethers, heavy, 8@8½c; light, 8½@9c; Heavy Ewes, 7½@8c; Light Ewes, 8@8½c; Yearling Lamb, 9@9½c.

DRESSED HOGS—Hard, 9@9½c.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 13¾@14½c; picnic hams, 9½@10c; Atlanta ham, 11½c.

BACON—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 17½c; light S. C. bacon, 17c; med. bacon, clear, 12½c; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 13c; clear, light bacon, 15c; clear ex. light bacon, 15½c.

BEEF—Extra Family, bbl, $10.50; do, hf-bbl, $5.50; Family Beef, bbl, $10.50; hf-bbl, $5.50; Extra Mess, bbl, $10.50; do, hf-bbl, $5.50.

PORK—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 12¼c; do, light, 12½c; do, Bellies, 12½@12¾c; Extra Clear, bbls., $23.00 hf-bbls., $11.75, Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls. $4.75; do, kits, $1.25.

LARD—Prices are ₱ ℔:

	Tcs.	½-bbls.	50s.	20s.	10s.	5s.
Compound	8	8¼	8½	8⅝	8¾	8⅞
Cal. pure	12½	12¾	12¾	12⅞	13¼	13⅜

In 3-℔ tins the price on each is ⅛c higher than on 5-℔ tins.

CANNED MEATS—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, $2.35; 1s $1.35; Roast Beef, 2s $2.35; 1s, $1.35.

Dr. J. C. McGovern

Dentist

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Contains all the virtue of the best whiskies without the deleterious effect. Made from the pure vegetable matter, and guaranteed to contain no poisonous or narcotic drugs of any description.

If a beverage is not desired, a Bean may be taken in the mouth without water, and the most exhilarating effect will be experienced.

BOX OF 12 BEANS 50C.

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DISTILLERS OF
RYE AND BOURBON WHISKIES
ST. LOUIS, - - - MO.

OLD FAVORITES

The Faded Coat of Blue.

My brave lad, he sleeps in his faded coat of blue;
In his lonely grave, unknown, lies the heart that beat so true.
He sank, faint and hungry, among the famished brave,
And they laid him, sad and lonely, within his nameless grave.

Chorus:
No more the bugle calls the weary one;
Rest, noble spirit, in thy grave unknown.
I shall find you and know you among the good and true,
Where a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue.

He cried: "Give me water and just one little crumb,
And my mother she will bless you through all the years to come;
Oh! tell my sweet sister, so gentle, good and true,
That I'll meet her up in heaven in my faded coat of blue!"

"Oh!" he said, "my dear comrades, you cannot take me home,
But you'll mark my grave for mother; she will find it if she comes;
I fear she will not know me among the good and true,
When a robe of white is given for the faded coat of blue."

No dear one was by him to close his sweet blue eyes,
And no gentle one was nigh him to give him sweet replies.
No stone marks the sod o'er my lad so brave and true,
In his lonely grave he sleeps, in his faded coat of blue.

Mignon's Song.

Know'st thou the land where the lemon tree blows—
Where deep in the bower the gold orange grows?
Where zephyrs from heaven die softly away,
And the laurel and myrtle tree never decay?
Know'st thou it? Thither, O! thither with thee,
My dearest, my fondest! with thee would I flee.

Know'st thou the hall with its pillared arcades,
Its chambers so vast and its long colonnades?
Where the statues of marble with features so mild
Ask "Why have they used thee so harshly, my child?"
Know'st thou it? Thither, O! thither with thee,
My guide, my protector! with thee would I flee.

Know'st thou the Alp which the vapor enshrouds,
Where the bold muleteer seeks his way thro' the clouds?
In the cleft of the mountain the dragon abides,
And the rush of the stream tears the rock from its sides;
Know'st thou it? Thither, O! thither with thee,
Leads our way, father——then come, let us flee.
—Goethe.

WINNER OF COOKING CONTEST.

Miss Johnson, who won the first prize at the Bryn Mawr cooking contest, is a native of Sweden. She insists she has no special recipes for her culinary creations, but prepares them after models in use for years.

"In making bread," said Miss Johnson, "I use flour and yeast, and let it raise over night. I do not use whole wheat flour."

In the competition exhibit the prize winner showed cookies, bread, mince and pumpkin pies. The medal awarded her consists of a star, pendant from a gold scroll, on which is engraved "Bryn Mawr First Annual Culinary Contest—First Prize."

"I wish my mother in Sweden could read what the papers said of me," was Miss Johnson's only expression of pride in her victory.

Changed His Purpose.

"These purists in language who shout so much about grammar always make me think of the fellow out in my district who was fishing off a dock and fell into the water," said Representative Beidler, of Ohio, a few days ago.

"Some people near by helped him out. Then one of the rescuers asked, 'How did you come to fall into the water?'

"'I didn't come to fall into the water,' he replied. 'I came to fish.'"—Salt Lake Telegram.

We find that we have reached that age when we like to grumble about the young folks who think they didn't have a good time at a party unless they laughed and sang and shouted on the streets on the way home.

FRENCH DIPLOMAT HONORED.

Tribute of Americans to Retiring Ambassador M. Jules Cambon.

Seldom in the history of the United States has such a flattering tribute been paid a representative of a foreign power as was tendered to M. Jules Cambon, the retiring ambassador of France to Washington. The farewell reception was held in New York, and 240 representative Americans from all sections of the country assembled to do honor to the distinguished Frenchman.

M. JULES CAMBON.

At the gathering were famous statesmen, sculptors and artists of world-wide fame. Governors of half a dozen States, Senators, noted churchmen, leaders of commerce and finance, distinguished men of the army and navy—all met to show the nation's regard for the French diplomat who had proved at a critical time that he and the nation he represented were interested in and jealous of the welfare of this country. Senator Chauncey M. Depew and James H. Hyde, of New York, were the hosts. M. Cambon goes from Washington to the court of Spain, and takes with him an unusual degree of regard and respect from those who have been best able to appreciate his zealous efforts to more firmly establish the friendly relations existing between France and the United States.

It was during the war with Spain that M. Cambon won the lasting friendship of this nation. He was one of the two representatives of foreign powers chosen by Senor Polo, the last Spanish minister at Washington before the outbreak of hostilities, to look after Spain's affairs here, and as such bore an important part in the conflict that ensued.

M. Cambon is one of the most distinguished diplomats in the service of the French republic. He has had long years of experience in foreign courts and his career has been most honorable. At Washington he gave evidence of unusual ability in treating with affairs of state, and the interests of his government never suffered from his connection with them. He has been an elaborate entertainer, and during his stay in Washington the French embassy has been the scene of numerous receptions at which the wealth and fashion of the capital were largely represented.

PENITENTIARY FOR MILLIONAIRE

Col. Edward Butler, the St. Louis Blacksmith-Politician.

Another chapter in the history of the remarkable anti-boodler crusade inaugurated by Circuit Attorney Falk, of St. Louis, was written when the jury at Columbia, Mo., found Col. Edward Butler, the "millionaire blacksmith" and politician of St. Louis, guilty of bribery and the court sentenced him to three years in the penitentiary.

COL. ED BUTLER.

Col. Butler was charged with an attempt to purchase the influence of Dr. Chapman, of the St. Louis Board of Health, in indorsement of a garbage contract. It appears that there was no argument among the jurymen as to the guilt of the accused, the question of sentence furnishing the only occasion for difference of opinion, some of them favoring a five-year sentence for the millionaire.

The millionaire who was convicted at Columbia has been a political power in St. Louis for a quarter of a century. Even after his indictment for bribery he secured the election of his son to Congress and another relative to a local office in St. Louis. Notwithstanding the wealth of the accused and the tremendous political influence brought to bear in his behalf, he was prosecuted and promptly convicted.

Butler owns a large number of blacksmith shops throughout the city. He lives in a fine mansion in the west end of St. Louis and drives to his shops, to see what is going on, in a stylish carriage.

An Ancient Joke.

A new, if not refreshing, variation on the mother-in-law poke which we have been hearing since the days of Rameses appears in the statement that an Oxford professor while engaged in ethnological researches in Australia on the mother-in-law joke which we not allowed to come within a mile of the "miamia" (hut) of her married daughter. If she did so the husband was authorized by the tribal law to use his club. Now that this mossy and venerable specimen of alleged humor has broken into the domain of ethnological science, may it be allowed to remain there along with other fossils?—Leslie's Weekly.

Rabbit Skins for Hats.

Fur hats are made almost exclusively from rabbit fur, not from the American rabbit, however, because the plucking of the long hairs from the skin which is a necessary preliminary, cannot, because of the high cost of labor, be done profitably here. A machine invented for the purpose proved a failure. So hat fur from this country's makers is derived from English and Australian skins which are sent to the continent of Europe to be plucked by cheap hands.

A Self-Evident Lesson.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, what do we learn from the parable of the prodigal san?

Johnny—Why—er—I s'pose it teaches us not to be a calf.—New York Sun.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

REFORMING INEBRIATE WOMEN IN ENGLAND.

By Lady Henry Somerset.

The homes for friendless girls in London are well established, and the homes for inebriate women, so sadly needed, are well started, well patronized and are already a success.

LADY SOMERSET.

We use nothing but kind words to reclaim the unfortunate women with whom we come in contact, and that has proved to be the best way. Locking up a woman in prison is not the way to reform her. When a woman enters our home, she is given light work to do, and everything around her is arranged so that nothing of her old life will be present in her habits.

Another factor contributing to the advance made in the cause of temperance in England is the conviction on the part of the general public that there is too much drinking throughout Great Britain. The people themselves—the working class, the tradesfolk and the better middle class—are all beginning to see that drunkenness is one of the curses of civilization and that temperance is its only cure. As to the upper classes, the nobility, the cause has never been very popular there, but I really think that there are a better understanding and a beginning of sympathy among the upper classes. But in England we have centuries and centuries of custom back of us, and it is hard to break through and see that there is light on the other side.

DISREGARD OF SUNDAY DEPLORED.

By Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore.

A close observer cannot fail to note the dangerous inroads that have been made on the Lord's day in this country during the last thirty years. Look at the railroad lines in this country; not only are the passangers carried on Sundays, which I believe is unavoidable, but freight trains are in full operation. This traffic involves the employment of thousands of conductors, firemen, and engineers, as well as freight handlers, on the Lord's day. Then observe our system of electric cars. These lines are in full blast on Sundays, and the conductors and motormen have to serve the same number of hours on that day as on week days.

On Sunday mornings the business man is debarred from going to his place of business, but seizes the morning paper and devours its contents of twenty or thirty pages, its news of stocks and bonds, or pleasures and amusements, of crime and scandal, until his whole being is saturated with this unhealthy diet. Like animals gorged with food, he spends the morning in a comatose condition.

MONSTER EVIL OF OUR DAY.

By Adlai E. Stevenson, Ex-Vice President.

Existing conditions challenge the attention of all thoughtful men. These conditions are confined to no particular section, but exist throughout the length and breadth of our country. Notwithstanding our boasted prosperity and the individual fortunes that have suddenly been acquired, the sad fact remains that to the mass of the people this oft repeated boast of prosperity is but a mockery. Within a brief time articles of daily consumption—the foods essential to human health and comfort—have enormously increased in cost. Meat at many tables is indeed an article of luxury. The much vaunted prosperity is that of the favored few. To the mass of the people conditions have seldom been more exacting, rarely less hopeful, than at this moment. It were worse than idle to close our eyes to the discontent, the feeling of unrest so general in this land. It is the part of wisdom to ascertain the cause and, if possible, to apply the remedy.

The trust is the crying evil of to-day. By combinations of capital unknown to our earlier days, against public policy, and in many instances in direct violation of State laws, the small dealer has been driven from the field. He cannot compete with the trust. His occupation is gone. The field being clear, competition destroyed, the managers of various trusts fix prices to the consumer at their own pleasure. Is it possible that the people are indifferent to this growing evil? It virtually destroys competition, "the life of trade." In no small degree it usurps the functions of government. By intelligent machination, exclusively to its own gain, the trust has greatly increased to the consumer the cost of articles of daily necessity. The shadow of the trust has fallen upon every hearthstone in this land, and the end is not yet. The trust is the monster evil of our day, a constant menace to our welfare as a people.

VALUE OF GOOD LOOKS TO BUSINESS WOMEN.

By Zerlina Rosenfield, Stenographer, New York.

It may be set down as a rule that good looks go a great way toward making a woman successful in business. But in saying this, I am not forgetful of the fact that plain-looking and even homely women have been known to distance the others in the race. Take two women of the same average ability and common sense, and the prettier of the two will make the more rapid headway in the matter of promotion, and therefore will earn more money. I have heard it said, or rather I have seen it stated in the newspapers, that good looks are a handicap to a girl in search of a position; that many employers will not have pretty girls in their offices, because they receive too much attention from the clerks.

Perhaps this is true in some cases—for instance, in an office in which the employer has a jealous wife; but generally it is not true. In most instances the young woman of prepossessing appearance who is seeking a place will secure an audience with the head of a firm when her plain-looking sister would be turned away. There is no use moralizing over the situation and saying that merit ought to discount good looks in such cases. We must take the world as we find it.

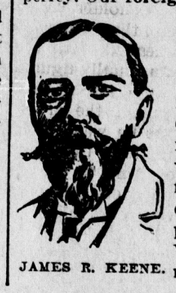
Now, I want to say a word about the treatment that young women in offices receive from the employers. If you were to believe all you see in the sensational newspapers you would have the opinion that a majority of the typewriters and stenographers accompanied their employers to lunch, to the theater and other places of amusement and were presented by them with boxes of bonbons and bouquets of American Beauty roses.

The truth is that the number of girls of this class is small indeed in comparison with the thousands of young women who earn their living in offices. Business men, as a rule, respect them and treat them in a gentlemanly manner. They have too much work to attend to during business hours to devote any of their time to paying compliments to their typewriters. Moreover, most men are proud and have too much regard for their reputations to pay marked attention to young women in their own offices. Girls who have been brought up properly, who are sensible and have will power need have no fear that they will not be treated with respect wherever they may be.

MORE MONEY IS NEEDED.

By James R. Keene, Stock Speculator.

There are no signs of diminution in the general prosperity. Our foreign debt is smaller than at any period of our history, and our resources are immeasurably greater. The industrial and railroad outlook of the country is thoroughly satisfactory. The greatest menace is our financial system. When our business is expanding and there is a growing demand for funds, the United States treasury withdraws money from circulation. The financial stringency which we have passed through has not been due to lack of prosperity; it has been the result of it. We must have circulation sufficient to meet the growing business of the country.

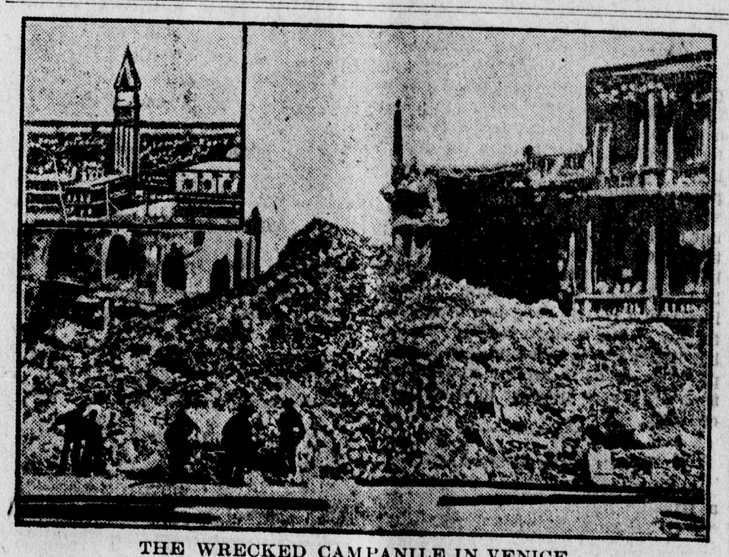


JAMES R. KEENE.

THE RUINED CAMPANILE.

Strange Spectacle of the Celebrated Square of Venice.

The crumbling of St. Mark's campanile, Venice, some months ago was extraordinary in that no one was killed or injured of the hundreds who might have been if it had swayed toward the old ducal palace forty feet distant from its base and tore its way through that musty pile which has been defying the ages for centuries.



THE WRECKED CAMPANILE IN VENICE.

The lofty tower started to its demolition after giving full warning and came down as gently as if some great genii had purposely held it back to save those near by from destruction. Not even great noise proclaimed its undoing, but a huge cloud of dust arose and settled for a time over the big square of which for centuries it was the crowning glory. In descending it leaned over enough to tear out part of the front wall of the ducal palace, otherwise no damage was done.

The immensity of the campanile could not be comprehended when it stood the lofty sentinel overlooking Venice and the Adriatic 330 feet in the air. Now that it was turned into debris, filling a space 300 feet long by 100 wide and 70 feet high, its colossal proportions could be understood. Even the Venetians who were born within its shadow, and lived beneath it to old age, did not realize its mighty dimensions until it was turned into a crumbling mass.

To recover the figures and designs of various kind used to embellish the lofty pinnacles the great mass was fenced in, the public excluded and laborers set to work to sort over the debris before consigning it to the barges which carried it out to sea. Singularly enough all the iron and brass used to beautify the tower was recovered and found to be practically uninjured. For a time a good-sized lump from the debris brought 25 cents. But the supply soon outran the demand and souvenirs of the catastrophe came to be had for the asking. To-day the foundation is laid bare and swept clean of everything tending to remind one of the catastrophe. Money to build another campanile has been freely subscribed and already more than half the amount that will be required to restore it is pledged. It is expected the balance will be raised before the new campanile is completed.

Buried on Horseback.

Lord Dacre, who died fighting for the Lancastrians at Towton, England, in 1461, directed that if he were killed in the battle his favorite war horse should be buried in the same grave with him. According to his wishes, when his interment took place in Saxon church yard after the battle a tremendous grave was dug and in it the warrior was buried, seated upright on his horse. For centuries reflections were cast upon the accuracy of this tradition, but a few years ago while excavations for new graves were being made close by the reputed burial place of Lord Dacre the pick of a digger struck into a great bone and upon further search being made the skull of a big horse was brought to the surface. As this was found almost at the very spot under which the body of Lord Dacre was said to lie it was accepted as confirmation of the tradition, particularly as the skull was found to be standing vertically in the soil. The skull was replaced carefully in its original position and the excavation filled up.

United States Patents.

The whole number of patents issued by the United States Patent Office is more than 650,000, of which 45,000 were to foreigners. The number of live patents is about 375,000.

The industries and appliances upon which the larger number of patents have been issued are, approximately, stoves and furnaces, 20,000; steam engines, 14,000; railways, tracks, and harvesters, each, 12,000; electric lights, 6,000; bicycles, 6,000; pumps, 5,000; refrigerating, 4,500; telephone, 4,000; electrical railways, 3,000.

It has been estimated that the four-motion feed for sewing machine patents earned $32,000,000 for its owners, a larger amount probably than any other patent issued prior to the Bell telephone patent.

A Strange Story.

The Engineer tells this story of an electrical plant in Montana being run all night by a corpse, the engineer having been killed: "The machinery continued to run with only the dead electrician in charge until the day men came to work the next morning. The body had evidently been dead since before midnight. That this plant should have continued to run all night by itself without the slightest mishap is another evidence of the almost human-like state of perfection that is being attained by modern machinery."

Gold in Rhodesia.

Southern Rhodesia's gold output in May was the highest recorded, being over 19,500 ounces.

Sometimes men blow out the gas after blowing in all their money.

Teeth of the Beaver.

The beaver is armed with two long chisellike teeth in each jaw. These teeth are exceedingly powerful and are to a beaver what an ax is to a woodsman. One such tooth taken from the lower jaw of a medium sized skull (they can be removed without difficulty, unlike the most of ours) is bent into nearly a semicircle and measures five inches along its outer curve. Only one inch of this length projects from the skull. The corresponding one from the upper jaw is bent into more than a complete half circle and measures upon its outer face four inches, of which less than an inch protrudes from its bone casing. In width each tooth is five-eighths of an inch. Examination of one of them reveals the secret of how a beaver can perform such feats as chopping down a birch tree sixteen inches in diameter, not to speak of softer woods, like the basswood, of much greater size.

The tooth is composed of two materials. Along the outer face or front of the tooth is a thin plate of exceedingly hard enamel. On the inner, forming the body of the tooth, is a substance called dentine. The dentine, being softer, wears away with use. The thin enamel remains comparatively unworn, so that the tooth assumes the shape of a keen chisel that never grows dull. The tooth is hollow at the base for half its length and is filled with a nourishing substance which keeps it constantly growing.

Hindoo Women.

Hindoo women are very beautiful, and, like most other women, they like to set off their charms by the wearing of jewels. Those of the rich are often exceedingly valuable, and any amount of them are worn. A Hindoo lady wears a large nose ring, a number of rings in her ears, bangles galore on her wrists and arms, anklets of silver or gold and a ring on every toe. These ornaments are very becoming to her dark beauty, and naturally they are a great source of pleasure, but unfortunately one which, together with the wearing of colors, is denied to widows, whose lot is a particularly hard one.

Anyhow a Hindoo woman has not a particularly cheerful life, for as she must never look upon the face of any man but her husband it is spent entirely in her home, which, even if she be rich, is not in the least pretty. The rooms are small and dingy, have bare walls, very little furniture, and their only outlook is upon the interior courtyard, which is not made bright and pretty, but is usually without a vestige of tree or flower.

The Results Unpleasant.

Wigg—I always like to hear a man say what he thinks.

Wagg—But the people who always say what they think generally think such disagreeable things.—Philadelphia Record.

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GLADDING, McBEAN & CO.
ARCHITECTURAL TERRACOTTA
FIRE PROOFING PRESSED BRICK
VITRIFIED AND TERRA COTTA PIPE, ETC.
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BALDNESS—Free treatise on its cause and cure; the prevention of loss of hair, dandruff, etc. Address Dr Baker Compound Company, 819 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Goethe says we are here on earth to die and come to life again.

Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, as a blood purifier, strength and health restorer, and a specific for all stomach, liver and kidney troubles, leads all other similar medicines in its wonderful sales and marvelous onfidence of the people, especially our vast German population. It is not a new and untried product, but was made and sold more than sixty years ago.

Ferry's Seeds
Seeds the Kind that Leads
cost more—yield more.
sold by all dealers.
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D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich.

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Have added to their Vehicle Agencies a number of new lines of high grade vehicles. Parties who desire to purchase a Buggy, a Surrey, a Spring Wagon, in fact anything on wheels, should procure their Catalogue which is sent FREE on request when the name of this paper is mentioned.

Rubervice Roofing
Practically indestructible, easily applied, inexpensive. Satisfaction guaranteed. Full information and samples furnished by
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TWO CAPTAINS
of the big Army Transports; General Vernon, Inspector of Customs; 10 Custom House Officials; the Pilots of Golden Gate Harbor; Railway Conductors; Pullman Supt., School Supts. President of Normal School have each bought 10 or more acres of the great San Martin Rancho. Costs but $14.15 a Month to do it. Prettiest, richest spot in California before we get through with it. Send for Catalogue.
Woolsier, Whitton & Montgomery
634 MARKET STREET
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LOANS RENTS

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Are Never Without Peruna in the House for Catarrhal Diseases.

MR. AND MRS. J. O. ATKINSON, INDEPENDENCE, MO.

UNDER date of January 10, 1897, Dr. Hartman received the following letter:

"My wife had been suffering from a complication of diseases for the past 25 years.

"Her case had baffled the skill of some of the most noted physicians. One of her worst troubles was chronic constipation of several years' standing.

"She also was passing through that most critical period in the life of a woman—change of life. In June, 1895, I wrote to you about her case. You advised a course of Peruna and Manalin, which we at once commenced, and have to say it completely cured her. She firmly believes that she would have been dead only for these wonderful remedies.

"About the same time I wrote you about my own case of catarrh, which had been of 25 years' standing. At times I was almost past going. I commenced to use Peruna according to your instructions and continued its use for about a year, and it has completely cured me.

"Your remedies do all that you claim for them and even more. Catarrh cannot exist where Peruna is taken according to directions. Success to you and your remedies."

John O. Atkinson.

In a letter dated January 1, 1900, Mr. Atkinson says, after five years' experience with Peruna:

"I will ever continue to speak a good word for Peruna. In my rounds as a traveling man I am a walking advertisement for Peruna and have induced many people during the past year to use Peruna with the most satisfactory results. I am still cured of Catarrh."

John O. Atkinson,
Box 272 Independence, Mo.

When old age comes on, catarrhal diseases come also. Systemic catarrh is almost universal in old people.

This explains why Peruna has become so indispensable to old people. Peruna is their safeguard. Peruna is the only remedy yet devised that meets these cases exactly.

Such cases cannot be treated locally; nothing but an effective remedy could cure them. This is exactly what Peruna is.

If you do not receive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

Sensible people are not attracted by human butterflies.

FITS permanently cured No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Soap, sunshine and good literature keep us pure.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Lend little and borrow less.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—MRS. THOS. ROBBINS, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

A Californian isn't jealous of his wife, but he is jealous of his climate.

Mem. for Good Health.

Today drink some "Castlewood" Bourbon, or Rye Whiskey. Highest grade Kentucky goods. Cartan, McCarthy & Co., sole distributors, San Francisco.

The surest winner in the end is the slow plodder who holds all he gains.

Ask for Miller's Milwaukee Beer. Best in the market. Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco, agents.

Why experiment with other brands when you can get Gilt Edge Whiskey at all times and places. Every original package guaranteed absolutely pure by Wichman, Lutgen & Co., Sole Proprietors, San Francisco, Cal.

Keep a warm heart and warm feet. Both are healthful.

No More Cannon-Ball Pills.

Science has retired the pill. A toothsome, fragrant, medicated tablet fills the need of the hour—Cascarets Candy Cathartic. Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

The social microbe is a costly thing when it attacks a man's wife.

Fell in the Street and Froze to Death.

Duluth, Minn. — George Plydell, aged 55, with his arms full of Christmas presents for friends and relatives, fell from exhaustion when within five feet of his home and froze to death. Plydell lived all alone in a little house near the harbor front, where he conducted a confectionery and cigar store. The thermometer registered 30 degrees below zero.

TO CURE A COUGH IN ONE DAY
Use Adams' Irish Moss Cough Balsam.
Prescribed by the best physicians for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. 25c, 50c. At all druggists.

AGENTS wanted, male and female, local and traveling, for a new dollar article needed in every household. Sells at sight, half profit, no capital or experience necessary. Free territory to hustlers who get in early. Address the B Mfg. Co., Room 40, Academy of Science Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

S. F. N. P. U. No. 1, 1903.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

A FAMOUS TEACHER.

He Made Dry Details of Medical Practice Interesting to Students.

The memory of Dr. George Bacon Wood, who made the University of Pennsylvania famous by his lectures on materia medica and the practice of medicine from 1835 to 1860, is kept green by his old students who still survive, as well as by the books which modern physicians find indispensable. One of his pupils, Dr. S. C. Busey, in "Personal Reminiscences," says that Doctor Wood made the dull and dry details of his subjects so interesting and attractive that his class room was always crowded with students, who followed him with the closest attention.

Every subject was discussed with the gravity of the highest dignity and importance, and while his manner was formal and sometimes austere, he was always polite to the utmost degree, and commanded the respect and admiration of even the most indifferent students in the class, but was greatly feared by all students who were poorly prepared in his branch.

Each student occupied the same seat at every recitation. Doctor Wood, with unvarying promptness, would enter the room through a side door from the main hall of the dwelling, when the students would rise simultaneously to receive his greeting by handshaking as he approached each one.

Then he would light the candles, carefully trim the wicks with the snuffers, and when seated would remove his gold spectacles, burnish them with his silk pocket-handkerchief, and replace them with marked and deliberate precision. As a rule, not one word would be spoken after his entrance until the completion of this ceremonial prelude, which had to be performed at every recitation.

Having completed the preliminaries, he would take from the table the textbook, open it at the page marked for the beginning of the lesson, and begin his examination with some student whom he believed was not the one with whom he began the previous examination. The recitation continued without regard to time until the assigned lesson had been completed. He never committed the agreeable mistake of assigning a short lesson. I never knew him to commend a recitation, however faultless it might have been.

THREE GREATEST CANYONS.

Yosemite, Yellowstone and Grand Canon of the Colorado Compared.

The justly famous Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone is, like the Colorado, gorgeously colored and abruptly countersunk in a plateau, and both are mainly the work of water. But the Colorado's canyon is more than a thousand times larger, and as a score or two new buildings of ordinary size would not appreciably change the general view of a great city, so hundreds of Yellowstones might be eroded in the sides of the Colorado Canyon without noticeably augmenting its size or the richness of its sculpture. But it is not true that the great Yosemite rocks would be thus lost or hidden. Nothing of their kind in the world, so far as I know, rivals El Capitan and Tissiack, much less dwarfs or in any way belittles them. None of the sandstone or limestone precipices of the canyon that I have seen or heard of approaches in smooth, flawless strength and grandeur the granite face of El Capitan of the Tenaya side of Cloud's Rest. These colossal cliffs, types of permanence, are about three thousand and six thousand feet high; those of the canyon that are sheer are about half as high, and are types of fleeting change; while glorious-domed Tissiack, noblest of mountain buildings, far from being overshadowed or lost in this rosy, spiry canyon company, would draw every eye, and, in serene majesty "aboon them a'" she would take her place—castle, temple, palace or tower. Nevertheless a noted writer, comparing the Grand canyon in a general way with the glacial Yosemite, says: "And the Yosemite—ah, the lovely Yosemite! Dumped down into the wilderness of gorges and mountains, it would take a guide who knew of its existence a long time to find it." This is striking, and shows up well above the levels of commonplace description; but it is confusing, and has the fatal fault of not being true.—John Muir, in the Century.

A Hard Luck Tale with a Sting.

It was not a new hard-luck tale to the man to whom it was told. The young man, neatly dressed and dapper looking, was not out of work, had not lost his purse, was not poverty stricken at all, but he had come down from Rye to go over to Newark to play golf with some charming girls, and in changing his clothes had forgot to transfer his pocketbook to the trousers he put on.

"I hate to ask the favor of a stranger," the young man said, "but really it would save me much embarrassment if you could let me have a couple of dollars until to-morrow."

"Indeed I can't do it," said the man, for he believed not a word of the tale, and he left the disconsolate youth at the postoffice, and, meeting a friend, invited him to luncheon, and told him of his "gentleman beggar."

When the waiter handed him a check the two had agreed that the story was highly improbable, but a moment later the doubting man gave a stare.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I've left my pocketbook in my other trousers."—New York Times.

Women stand a good deal when the men in a crowded street car refuse to give up their seats.

If there were no such word as fail some dishonest man would soon invent it.

Now, on the dead, can you think of three words in the English language worse than the "last sad rites?"

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Never become so soured at the world that you will not be willing to lend a helping hand to some child struggling in friendless poverty.

BROMO-SELTZER
CURES ALL
Headaches
10 CENTS--EVERYWHERE

Ask a man about his troubles and he becomes so interested he forgets to ask about yours.

Hair Falls

"I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop my hair from falling. One-half a bottle cured me."
J. C. Baxter, Braidwood, Ill.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is certainly the most economical preparation of its kind on the market. A little of it goes a long way. It doesn't take much of it to stop falling of the hair, make the hair grow, and restore color to gray hair. $1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Swinburne's Estimate of King Lear.

"If nothing were left of Shakespeare but the single tragedy of 'King Lear,'" wrote Algernon Charles Swinburne in Harper's, "it would still be as plain as it is now that he was the greatest man that ever lived. As a poet the author of this play can only be compared with Æschylus. The Hebrew prophets and the creator of Job are sometimes as sublime in imagination and in passion, but always quite incomparably inferior in imaginative intelligence.

"That Shakespeare's judgment was as great and almost as wonderful as his genius has been a commonplace of criticism ever since the days of Coleridge, questionable only by such dirty and dwarfish creatures of simian intellect and facetious idiocy as mistake it for a sign of wit instead of dullness and of distinction instead of degredation to deny the sun in heaven and affirm the fragrance of a sewer."

Killed by a Dead Man.

In the second Afghan war an English officer, a well known swordsman, rode out to tackle an Afghan chief who, after the fashion of his countrymen, had challenged all and sundry to a fight. Both were mounted. They rode round each other, watching an opportunity, and the Englishman found his just a little too soon. He rode at the Afghan and ran him through the heart just as he was swinging his heavy sword above his head. The Afghan died, but the sword came down and split the officer's skull. The man was, of course, dead, but the weight of the sword brought down by his falling body was enough to get the blow home.

A Hot Finish.

"Speaking of 'a hot finish,'" remarked Uncle Allen Sparks, "there's the wasp."—Chicago Tribune.

20 MILLION BOTTLES
SOLD EVERY YEAR.

Happiness is the absence of pain, and millions have been made happy through being cured by ST JACOBS OIL of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, LAMENESS, SCALDS, BURNS, SPRAINS, BRUISES and all pains for which an external remedy can be applied. It never fails to cure. Thousands who have been declared incurable at baths and in hospitals have thrown away their crutches, being cured after using ST. JACOBS OIL. Directions in eleven languages accompany every bottle.

CONQUERS PAIN

A man who is trying to quit smoking feels at times like going out and screaming. Or like going on a bender. Or like setting fire to his own house.

DON'T GET WET!
TOWER'S FISH BRAND
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THE
SLICKER
MADE FAMOUS BY A REPUTATION EXTENDING OVER MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY.
TOWER'S garments and hats are made of the best materials in black or yellow for all kinds of wet work.
SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED IF YOU STICK TO THE SIGN OF THE FISH.
A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Too Good Highlanders.

Some years ago a vote was taken among the men of a certain highland regiment (at that time not wearing the kilt) to find out how many would be in favor of wearing the highland costume.

In due time the sergeant major appeared before the commanding officer with the result of the voting.

C. O.—Well, sergeant major, how many are in favor of the kilt?

S. M.—Two men, sir.

C. O.—Only two. Well, I'm glad there are at least two good highlanders in the regiment. What are their names, sergeant major?

S. M.—Privates Patrick O'Brien and Michael Rooney, sir.—Scottish American.

Both Were Candid.

Doctor—Your wife is in a very critical state, and I should recommend you to call in some specialist to consult on the case.

Husband—There, you see, doctor, I was right again. I told my wife long ago she ought to get proper medical advice, but she always thought you might be offended.

Struck For $16 a Day.

In San Francisco in 1849 clerks in stores and offices had munificent salaries. Five dollars a day was the smallest stipend even in the custom house, and one Baptist preacher was paid $10,000 a year. Laborers received $1 an hour. A pick or a shovel was worth $10 and a butcher's knife $30. At one time the carpenters, who were getting $12 a day, struck for $16.

Added Attraction.

"No, indeed," said the crafty agent to the bride and bridegroom. "Our company does not prohibit kissing on the platforms, and, besides, I would call your attention to the fact that we have more and longer tunnels than any other railway in the world."—Baltimore American.

LOOK OUT FOR CATARRH

When the cold wave flag is up, freezing weather is on the way. Winter is here in earnest, and with it all the miserable symptoms of Catarrh return—blinding headaches and neuralgia, thick mucous discharges from the nose and throat, a hacking cough and pain in the chest, bad taste in the mouth, fetid breath, nausea and all that makes Catarrh the most sickening and disgusting of all complaints. It causes a feeling of personal defilement and mortification that keeps one nervous and anxious while in the company of others.

In spite of all efforts to prevent it, the filthy secretions and mucous matter find their way into the Stomach and are distributed by the blood to every nook and corner of the system; the Stomach and Kidneys, in fact every organ and part of the body, become infected with the catarrhal poison. This disease is rarely, if ever, even in its earliest stages, a purely local disease or simple inflammation of the nose and throat, and this is why sprays, washes, powders and the various inhaling mixtures fail to cure. Heredity is sometimes back of it—parents have it and so do their children.

Manchester, Va., March 6, 1901.
Gentlemen:—I had all the symptoms that accompany this disease, such as mucus dropping in the throat, a constant desire to hawk and spit, feeling of dryness in the throat, cough and spitting upon rising in the morning, scabs forming in the nose, which required much effort to blow out, sometimes causing the nose to bleed and leaving me with a sick headache. I had thus suffered for five years.
I commenced to take S. S. S. and after I had taken three large bottles, I noticed a change for the better. Thus encouraged, I continued to take it and in a short while was entirely cured. JUDSON A. BELLAM.
Main and Vine Sts., Richmond, Va.

In the treatment of Catarrh, antiseptic and soothing washes are good for cleansing purposes or clearing the head and throat, but this is the extent of their usefulness. To cure Catarrh permanently, the blood must be purified and the system relieved of its load of foul secretions, and the remedy to accomplish this is S. S. S. which has no equal as a blood purifier. It restores the blood to a natural, healthy state and the catarrhal poison and effete matter are carried out of the system through the proper channels. S. S. S. restores to the blood all its good qualities, and when rich, pure blood reaches the inflamed membrane and is carried through the circulation to all the Catarrh infected portions of the body, they soon heal, the mucous discharges cease and the patient is relieved of the most offensive and humiliating of all complaints.

SSS

S. S. S. is a vegetable remedy and contains nothing that could injure the most delicate constitution. It cures Catarrh in its most aggravated forms, and cases apparently incurable and hopeless. Write us if you have Catarrh, and our physicians will advise you without charge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Everything connected with human life is improved except the manner of entering this world, and the way we leave it.

If you succeed you must do it in spite of hard times, hard knocks, hard opposition and serious annoyances.

$1000 GUARANTEES
BISHOP'S JAMS

When you want the finest, fruitiest Jellies, Jams or Preserves made in the world, send your boy for "BISHOP'S." Tell the grocer you want that kind because the purity is guaranteed.

BISHOP & CO., SAN FRANCISCO
425-427 BATTERY ST.
Manufacturers of the largest variety of food products made by any one concern in the United States.

To Reform Him.

Minister—You say you are going to marry a man to reform him. That is noble. May I ask who it is?

Miss Beauti—It's young Mr. Bondclipper.

Minister—Indeed! I did not know he had any bad habits.

Miss Beauti—Yes, his friends say that he is becoming quite miserly.—New York Weekly.

Mark Twain on Lying.

Why will you humbug yourselves with that foolish notion that no lie is a lie except a spoken one? What is the difference between lying with your eyes and lying with your mouth? There is none, and if you would reflect a moment you would see that it is so. There isn't a human being that doesn't tell a gross of lies every day of his life.—Mark Twain in Harper's.

DYSPEPSIA

"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."
DAVID H. MURPHY, Newark, O.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 311

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE.**

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of $2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME STREET. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

.... WESTERN MEAT COMPANY ...

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